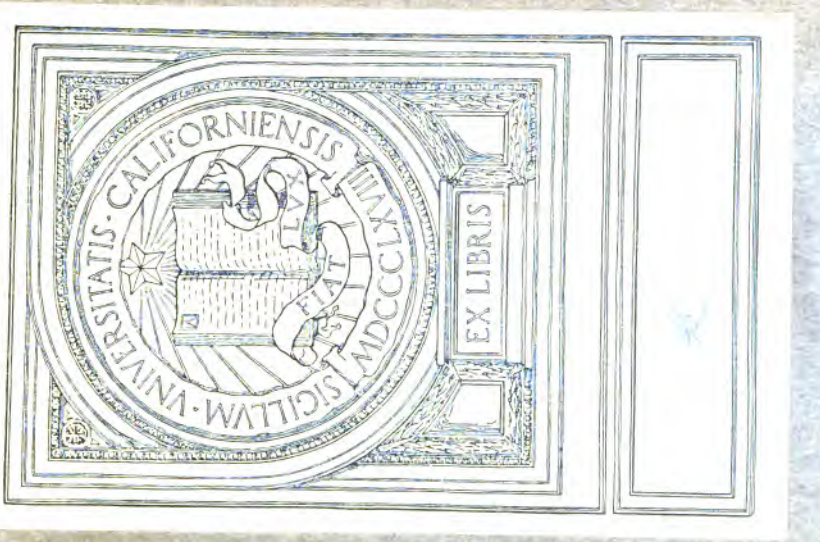
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KING HENRY THE FIFTH

BY

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

FROM THE RIVERSIDE EDITION EDITED BY
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WITH AN INTRODUCTION
AND ADDITIONAL NOTES

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INTRODUCTION

Henry V was first presented in the summer of 1599. This we may infer from certain lines in the Prologue to Act V. Chorus has been telling of the welcome of the King to London after Agincourt; he goes on — Date of the play.

> "As, by a lower but loving likelihood,
> Were now the general of our gracious empress,
> As in good time he may, from Ireland coming,
> Bringing rebellion broached on his sword,
> How many would the peaceful city quit,
> To welcome him!"

"The general of our gracious empress" was the Earl of Essex, who went to Ireland in the spring of 1599 and returned in the fall.

The date of a play is not in itself a matter of very great importance, yet it is of interest here. We know from the date that this play followed the two parts of *Henry IV*, making with them a trilogy of which Henry the Fifth was the hero. *Henry VI*, on the other hand, was written a good while before and has no connection with our play. We know from the date, too, that *Henry V* was the last of the historical plays, excepting *Henry VIII*, which is a play of a different kind. We know it to belong to a period about the same as the strong and joyous comedies, *As You Like It*, *Much Ado About Nothing*, *Twelfth Night*, and just before the tragedies of *Julius Cæsar* and *Hamlet*. We know Shakespeare's general temper and disposition while he was writing the play: it was the time

when he was beginning to make a success in a business way. Certainly we could read the play intelligently or enjoy it on the stage without knowing these things; still it does add to our appreciation of the strong soldier-king to remember, for instance, that Shakespeare drew his figure just before he imagined Brutus and Hamlet, those two so much greater and weaker. One does not want to give too much stress to the date of a play, but a recollection of it often helps one at a pinch. Thus one of the catchwords of Nym in the play is "That's the humour of it." *Humour* is such an important Elizabethan word that one ought to look it up a little, but without further study Nym's constant use of it in the *Merry Wives of Windsor* (I, iii) is almost sufficient comment on his use in this play. As the *Merry Wives* was written about the same time as *Henry V* (before, unless Falstaff, Bardolph, and Nym are all brought to life for the occasion), we see that Nym was using a popular catchword, or one associated with his character. Both in a large way and in a smaller, then, a knowledge of the date may help us. Fortunately it is something that we may learn with very little trouble, for so many students have looked into these matters that the results are open to anybody.

Sources of the play.

The sources of this play are, as in the case of most of the histories, entirely clear. Shakespeare took the narrative of the chronicler Holinshed[1] as a basis. Shakespeare often followed his authority very closely; sometimes in facts, as in I, i, 1; I, i, 75; III, vi, 40; sometimes in words, as in II, iv, 102; III, vi, 164; V, ii, 341; sometimes in names,

[1] Raphael Holinshed compiled the *Chronicles of England, Scotland, and Ireland*, which were published in 1578.

as III, v, 40. Those who study dramatic construction will notice a number of points of interest in comparing the play with the sources. Thus, Shakespeare shortens up the matter: from the play one gets the idea that Act V, with the negotiations for peace, follows directly after the battle of Agincourt. But really the Treaty of Troyes was five years after Agincourt, and in that time there was a whole campaign in France of which Shakespeare says nothing. That would not have done on the stage. Shakespeare wanted to give a striking picture of a glorious campaign; so he gives merely the cause of war, the victory, and the peace. Absolute historic accuracy is something too complicated to present on the stage.

The language, also, of this play, as of every play of Shakespeare's, is something we must pay attention to. In a general way everybody that reads English can understand Shakespeare; still three centuries have made changes in language. Some of Shakespeare's words are now out of use. These we must know, nor is it a great task to learn them. But there are others which are a little more difficult, namely, words that are not obsolete in form, but which had then a meaning different from the modern one. There are sometimes a good many such words. Thus in Act II, Scene ii: — **Language of the play.**

by and by, l. 2	= at once
enlarge, l. 40	= set at liberty
distemper, l. 54	= drunkenness
dear, ll. 58, 181	= extreme
quick, l. 79	= alive
practis'd on, l. 99	= cheated
admiration, l. 108	= wonder
instance, l. 119	= motive
discover'd, l. 151	= laid open
rub, l. 188	= obstacle

Here are a number of words that every one knows. But if we pass over them without thought, we shall miss a full understanding of the passages where they occur. So one must put some study upon Shakespeare's language, the meanings of his words, and his grammatical constructions.

There are other lines of Shakespearean study which are most interesting. The text of any play offers problems that must be solved by somebody, if we are to know what Shakespeare really wrote. The metre always offers some difficulties that cannot be settled, as most can, by a good ear and a habit of reading poetry. There are a number of allusions to things common in Shakespeare's day but unfamiliar now. Thus, when Pistol spoke of "plain-song" (III, ii, 7) he was talking of something familiar to every one; so was the boy when he called Pistol "this roaring devil i' th' old play" (IV, iv, 73). There are a number of ideas that may be found elsewhere in literature: thus, the long speech describing the polity of the bees (I, ii, 183–220) has a parallel in Lyly's *Euphues*, and the two passages open a very interesting line of literary history, namely, ideas of nature in our older literature. And there are endless other lines of interesting literary study in this, as in every other play of Shakespeare's.

Lines of study offered by the play.

But it would be a mistake if we should allow ourselves to be distracted by these things, interesting or necessary as they are, from an appreciation and enjoyment of the poetry, — of the play itself. Some of these things, as the language and the text, are, while we are studying literature, only means to an end. The language of Shakespeare, as of any other Elizabethan, is an interesting

The poetic quality the main interest.

matter for the student of language to work upon. It is a proper subject for linguistic study, just as the language of a nation is; and the student need have nothing to do with the poetry if he be so inclined. But the student of literature has a very different object, and with him the language is only a means to the end. So is study of the text. Other matters may have an independent interest to the student of literature: he may wish to have a clear idea of the mind of Shakespeare, of the spirit of the Elizabethan Age, of the development of the drama. Those are parts of the history of literature and good matters for study. But language and the history of literature, though connected with poetry, are matters very different from poetry. So if our aim is poetry, we shall want particularly to gain from the play true poetic enjoyment. And this will depend in a measure on our temperament and our taste. We may like poetry and read it eagerly; we may not care for it and prefer to read something else. But whatever our taste and whatever our temperament, there is something more than pure enjoyment in the matter. As with every art, indeed every game, we need some knowledge. We want to know what Shakespeare was aiming at. There are many kinds of poetry: we are quite accustomed to some; but in poetry of an older time especially, there are often conditions or circumstances that, if known, will give us the true spirit of the piece, which we might otherwise have missed. Now *Henry V* is an interesting play to read because it gives us an excellent example of one characteristic of the Elizabethan drama, namely, the rhetorical quality. It gives us this more fully than any other play of Shakespeare's and it gives it to us with less admixture of other things.

And this quality is one of which we do not have much on the stage to-day, and which we are therefore likely not to appreciate wholly in reading or seeing an Elizabethan play.

Rhetorical quality of the Elizabethan drama.

The rhetorical quality of the Elizabethan drama was a result or a necessity of the character of the Elizabethan theatre. Every one knows that the theatre in which the plays of Shakespeare were originally given was very different from the theatres in which we may see them to-day.[1] The stage was in the midst of the audience; a part of the audience even sat upon the stage itself. Therefore scenery or even any careful grouping of characters was impossible. The actors advanced into the midst of the audience, made their speeches, and retired. There was no front curtain, and the scenes followed each other directly or were separated by music or comic business. Further we may note that these actors on a stage without scenery were not costumed with historic accuracy. There were differences in costume, it is true; different ranks were indicated and some other distinctions, but there was no effort to reproduce the real spectacle of the stirring events that form the subject of the play. We ourselves might say as much as this from our general knowledge of the Elizabethan stage, but we have it also stated directly by Chorus in the Prologue to Act I. The appeal was not to the eye but to the imagination of the audience; and it was made by stirring and spirited verse, well pronounced by the actor. How important a good elocution and delivery was we may

[1] A summary of the conditions of the Elizabethan theatre may be found in the edition of *The Tempest* in the Riverside Literature Series.

see from Hamlet's speech to the Players: there he is giving advice on the actor's art, but he hardly mentions anything but elocution.

Thus a Shakespearean play was more to be listened to than to be seen. Since realism was impossible, the dramatist was forced to use other means. And the audience, it will be remembered, could not read, as our audiences do to-day. Even among the upper classes reading was not so general as it is now. Probably few of Shakespeare's audience read much poetry. They heard poetry at the theatre, and for many of them that was the only way to get it at all. This was another reason why a declamatory style prevailed. So the Elizabethan stage tended more to poetry than ours does, and particularly to poetry which could be readily and effectually declaimed.

Need of this rhetorical quality.

As has already been said, this rhetorical poetry is found more purely, as we may say, in *Henry V* than in the other plays. It is the tone of the play, the quality it is noteworthy for. All Shakespeare's plays have something of it, but many of them are especially noteworthy for other things. Some are remarkable for character, like *Hamlet;* many for humor, like *Henry IV;* or wit, like *As You Like It;* some for passion, like *Romeo and Juliet;* some for fancy, like *A Midsummer Night's Dream;* and some are interesting for dramatic construction, like the *Merchant of Venice*. *Henry V* is not without these characteristics, but it has none of them to a very striking degree. The characters of the play are appropriate and natural, — Henry himself is a fine picture of Shakespeare's ideal king, — but there are a hundred characters in the other plays better than the

Rhetorical quality of Henry V.

best in this. There are bits of humor, doubtless, and excellent of their kind. Fluellen is a humorous character that a lesser dramatist might be proud of, but we do not think of him as in the same group with Falstaff, Sir Toby Belch, the First Gravedigger, Touchstone, and many more. And so it is with the other characteristics: we generally find something of them in *Henry V*, but not something to compare with Shakespeare's best.

With the rhetorical quality it is not so. There are, without question, finer sustained speeches in Shakespeare than anything in *Henry V*. Any one who loves poetry and who wants to form a taste will do well to compare some of the famous long speeches in Shakespeare. We will note a few of the best known.

Sustained speeches in Shakespeare's plays.

Antony to the Roman Crowd. *Julius Cæsar*, III, ii, 69 ff.

Hamlet's Soliloquies. *Hamlet*, I, ii, 129 ff.; II, ii, 518 ff.; III, i, 56 ff.; IV, iv, 32.

Jaques' "All the World 's a Stage." *As You Like It*, II, vii, 138 ff.

Othello to the Senators. *Othello*, I, iii, 76 ff.

Richard III's Soliloquy. *Richard III*, I, i, 1 ff.

Portia: "The Quality of Mercy." *Merchant of Venice*, IV, i, 178 ff.

Mercutio on Queen Mab. *Romeo and Juliet*, I, iv, 53 ff.

Enobarbus's account of Cleopatra. *Antony and Cleopatra*, II, ii, 190 ff.

These every one will recognize as fine bits of declamatory poetry of different kinds, of poetical rhetoric, we may call it. And in reading *Henry V* we shall see at once that we have much poetry of the same sort. In fact, if one reads the play with this point in mind, he will see that Henry's address to his soldiers (III, i, 1 ff.), or Exeter's account of the death of the Duke of York (IV, vi, 7 ff.), or the archbishop's account of the King (I, i, 24 ff.) are very characteristic pieces.

They give us the quality of *Henry V;* they are full of the spirit of the play. In fact, the play would not be itself without them.

To see now how characteristic of *Henry V* are such passages, think of some extracts from other plays. From *Hamlet*, for instance: — Characteristic qualities of plays.

Guildenstern. Prison, my lord!

Hamlet. Denmark 's a prison.

Rosencranz. Then is the world one.

Hamlet. A goodly one; in which there are many confines, wards and dungeons, Denmark being one o' the worst.

Rosencranz. We think not so, my lord.

Hamlet. Why then, 't is none to you; for there 's nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so: to me it is a prison.

That is characteristic of *Hamlet;* it gives us character and philosophy; we do not need the proper names to tell us where it comes from. But we have nothing of this in *Henry V.*

To take something from *Romeo and Juliet:* —

Juliet. Wilt thou be gone? it is not yet near day:
It was the nightingale, and not the lark,
That pierced the fearful hollow of thine ear;
Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate-tree:
Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.

That has the note of passion which is characteristic of *Romeo and Juliet*, and this is lacking, too, in *Henry V.*

Take something from *A Midsummer Night's Dream:*

Titania. Be kind and courteous to this gentleman;
Hop in his walks, and gambol in his eyes;
Feed him with apricocks and dewberries,
With purple grapes, green figs, and mulberries;
The honey-bags steal from the humble-bees,
And for night-tapers crop their waxen thighs,
And light them at the fiery glow-worm's eyes,
To have my love to bed and to arise;
And pluck the wings from painted butterflies,
To fan the moonbeams from his sleeping eyes:
Nod to him, elves, and do him courtesies.

That has the fancy and the poetry that we associate with *A Midsummer Night's Dream.*

And finally take something from *Henry IV:* —

Falstaff. My lord, the man I know.
Prince Henry. I know thou dost.
Falstaff. But to say I know more harm in him than in myself, were to say more than I know. That he is old, the more the pity, his white hairs do witness it. . . . If sack and sugar be a fault, God help the wicked! If to be old and merry be a sin, then many an old host that I know is damned: if to be fat is to be hated, then Pharaoh's lean kine are to be loved, etc.

That has the humor of Falstaff and is full of the spirit of the whole piece. Passages like these are characteristic of the plays they come from; they give a taste of their quality. We might almost say there is nothing like them in *Henry V;* at least the chief characteristic of *Henry V* is very different from any of them.

Characteristic quality of Henry V.

We have here then a striking characteristic of the poetry of our play. It is rhetorical, declamatory poetry. It is, in the main, spirited, vigorous, sonorous, moving poetry. If it has nothing quite so fine as the finest of Shakespeare's declamatory passages, yet it has much that surely is very fine.

Rhetorical quality common to all the histories.

We shall not suppose that *Henry V* is peculiar in this respect. We have seen that the rhetorical character was a dramatic quality of the time; all plays had something of it. It was particularly common in the historical plays, the chronicles of Shakespeare and his contemporaries. It was most natural that this should be the case. These plays were generally meant to present some episode of English history in such a way as would appeal strongly to an English audience. Character, humor, passion, philosophy, charm, — these things by the

nature of the case could not be the main thing in such plays. The main thing was to appeal to the patriotic pride that in Elizabeth's day ran strong in the heart of every Englishman. And this was to be done, under the circumstances of the theatre, not, as would be the case to-day, with the aid of elaborate costume and scenery, but simply by heightened and ennobled speech. The best of Shakespeare's plays are full of it, but he was not the inventor of it. Marlowe may have the credit — more, at least, than any one else — for elaborate theatrical rhetoric, though his chief play, *Tamburlaine the Great*, is not an English chronicle play. His *Edward II* is almost as much a declamatory piece as *Tamburlaine*, though it lacks the long set speeches; and so is *Richard II*, in which Shakespeare seems to have been influenced by Marlowe's way of writing. For the purpose of poetic appreciation, however, we need not know whether Shakespeare invented or followed; the main thing is that we should get to know and appreciate the quality which *Henry V* presents more purely than the other historical plays.

It is easy, of course, to look through the play, read the elaborate speeches, and recognize their rhetorical character. It may not be so easy to enjoy them. If, however, we would really appreciate the Elizabethan drama, we must get to feel at home in this rhetorical declamatory world. It will be useful, then, to note the chief examples of this poetic rhetoric and remark what seems most important about each.

Appreciation of this rhetorical quality.

First, for various reasons, may come the so-called choruses. The chorus was a traditional feature in the drama of the Greeks and Romans. There it served various purposes, but it was especially

The Choruses.

a means whereby the dramatist could speak directly to the audience. It was natural, therefore, to use it to give in narrative an account of things that could not well be presented by the actors. It was common also in those plays before Shakespeare which were written with classic models in mind. Thus *Gorboduc*, written about 1565 by Sackville and Norton, is not unlike a Latin tragedy, and indeed is, in its dramatic character, directly imitated from Seneca. It has a regular chorus between the acts. But so has the *Spanish Tragedy*, by Thomas Kyd, which is not at all classic in its general character. Shakespeare, as a rule, does not use the chorus. Sometimes he has a prologue, as in *Henry VIII*, or an epilogue, as in the second part of *Henry IV*. In *Henry V* there are choruses between the acts called prologues to the acts. In *Pericles* there are choruses between the acts and also in the middle of Acts IV and V. In *Romeo and Juliet* Shakespeare may have meant to have choruses between the acts, but actually there is only a prologue, and a chorus between Acts I and II. Generally Shakespeare accomplishes the purpose of the chorus in some other way. The chorus, however, is very appropriate to the rhetorical character of the English historical play, and perhaps Shakespeare had something of the sort in mind when he planned *Henry V*. It is worth mentioning that so great a Shakespearean actor as David Garrick chose the part of Chorus when he presented *Henry V*. He understood that the characteristic quality of the play was its sonorous trumpet-flourish, and that this quality inhered essentially in the choruses. It is also worth noting that when Mr. Mansfield presented the play in New York, Chorus was so presented as to attract everybody, indeed astonish

everybody by its appreciation of the possibilities of the part.

To examine the choruses, then; they usually narrate matters that cannot be presented dramatically. Such are in the main the prologues to Acts II, III, IV, V. But they also point out particularly the dramatic means of which they are so important a part. Thus the prologue to Act I urges the audience to take the play as a stimulus to the imagination rather than as an adequate reproduction of what has taken place. So in the prologues to Act III, ll. 33, 34; IV, ll. 49–53; V, 1–6. These show us the mood in which we must put ourselves to appreciate the play. We must not expect a realistic truth to nature; let us rather be ready to be inspired and aroused by imaginative language. In their narrative parts these choruses are fine examples of declamatory poetry; in the rest they form an admirable criticism upon the poetry which gives the main quality to the play.

Function of the Chorus in Henry V.

Other long speeches in Shakespeare are of two kinds. Some are what might be called elaborations of general themes. They are entirely appropriate to their places in the play, but they are not really necessary to it as they stand; they have quite an independent interest. Taken from their places they are almost as effective as they are in their places. Such speeches, for instance, are the well-known "All the world's a stage," or Mercutio's fantasia on Queen Mab, or Falstaff's disquisitions on honor or on sack in *Henry IV.*

Other sustained speeches.

Of this kind in *Henry V* are: —

1. The Archbishop of Canterbury's spirited description of the Polity of the Bees, I, ii, 183–213. The speech is a development of the last words of

Independent speeches.

Exeter's speech. But those words were but a reflection added to his approval of Westmoreland's opinion. The long descriptive speech of the Archbishop has therefore no dramatic necessity. The last few lines belong to the situation, but the rest is one of those pieces of political speculation, of which there are many in Elizabethan literature. It may be compared with Gonzalo's speculation in *The Tempest*, II, i, 141 ff.

2. The King's fine exclamation on ceremony, IV, i, 229–283. This speech is entirely appropriate, entirely characteristic of the honest and straightforward man who utters it. But it certainly does not belong in any special way just where it stands. The really important idea is not that of ceremony, but of the responsibility of the King for those whom he commands, as is indicated in ll. 229–232. That is the idea that explains the King's whole attitude. The transition to the topic of ceremony (ll. 232–238) is natural, however, and the speech is a fine one.

3. The Duke of Burgundy's description of France, V, ii, 23–67. This speech stands in closer connection with the rest of the scene than the others. Still its main interest is rhetorical rather than dramatic.

4. The Archbishop's description of the King, I, i, 24–59. Quite appropriate to its place in the play as this speech is, setting the key of general reflection, yet it is really an independent thing; having, as Mr. White remarks in his note, no basis in fact, it has not much more in the situation whence it arises.

Less independent speeches.

Here also we may perhaps put the soliloquy of the Boy (III, ii, 26–54) and the argument on the King's responsibility (IV, i, 146–184), though these have rather more connection with their places. Still that their interest is really in-

dependent of their dramatic place will be seen on comparing them with the speeches of the second kind.

The speeches of the second kind are those that arise more exactly from the dramatic situation. Such are: — More dramatic speeches.

The Archbishop's Explanation of the Salic Law. I, ii, 33–95.
Henry's Answer to the Dauphin. I, ii, 259–297.
Henry's Accusation of the Conspirators. II, ii, 79–144.
Henry to his Army at Harfleur. III, i, 1–34.
Henry to the Governor of Harfleur. III, iii, 1–43.
Henry to Montjoy. III, vi, 142–169.
Henry before the Battle. IV, iii, 18–67.
Henry to Montjoy. IV, iii, 90–125.
Exeter's Description of the Death of the Duke of York. IV, vi, 7–32.
Henry to Katharine. V, ii, 132–168.

These speeches, though more dramatic than those just mentioned, are still examples of rhetorical poetry. They are meant for delivery, they are speeches in the modern sense of the word, and as such they are extremely characteristic of the play and of the Elizabethan stage. Let us then read them in the spirit in which they were written, as elaborate, sonorous, theatrical declamation.

If we are to appreciate *Henry V* we must appreciate this kind of poetry. It is not much in fashion today, at least on the English stage: our dramatists avoid long speeches and our actors neglect the elocution necessary to deliver them. We lay stress on very different matters: our theatre appeals to the eye almost as much as to the ear; our aim is to be realistic rather than imaginative. But in reading *Henry V* we must accustom ourselves to this rhetorical poetry, for it is the most striking element of the play. Disappearance of the rhetorical quality from the modern stage.

A few words may be added on some other points. The subject-matter of the play Shakespeare found, as has been noted, in the pages of Holinshed. Without comparing the play with the chronicle, it will be useful to make a summary of the dramatic action, both in general and in detail.

Construction of Henry V.

The dramatic action here has a more obvious unity than in some other of Shakespeare's histories. It is always worth while, however, to try to state the substance of the dramatic motive of any of his plays in a few words, to uncover the main idea from the externals in which it is presented, to get a good notion of the true unity of the play. The dramatic action of *Henry V* may be stated very shortly as follows.

Dramatic action of the play.

Henry the Fifth declares war upon France to make good the claims upon that country which he had inherited from Edward the Third. He gathers an army and makes a brilliant beginning in the capture of Harfleur. In marching from that town to Calais he comes up with the main army of the French and wins a glorious and decisive victory at Agincourt. His success compels peace, in which his claims are recognized. A marriage between the Princess Katharine and himself is arranged as a pledge of continued good feeling.

Argument of the play.

These are the facts. Dramatically, however, we may say that Shakespeare's purpose was to present, by means of this glorious achievement of English arms, a picture of ideal kinghood and ideal English character. Thus the main figures will be Henry himself and typical figures chosen to represent his army from highest to lowest.

Purpose of the play.

We may go further in stating the action from the dramatic standpoint. It may be conveniently arranged in an analysis by act and scene. **Dramatic development.**

Prologue. An apology for the attempt to present such great things with such small means. (See p. 15.)

Act I. The Causes of the War.

Scene i. The Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of Ely, in a conversation upon the interests of the church, disclose the position of King Henry the Fifth, his character and his plans. In this scene Shakespeare, as often elsewhere, introduces the main dramatic motive by means of minor characters; so he has done in *Hamlet* and *Romeo and Juliet*, though not in all the plays.

Scene ii. The King has called the Archbishop to expound the law to him in regard to the claims he has made on France. Has he right on his side when he makes demand of the French King to be recognized as sovereign of Aquitaine, Normandy, Maine and Anjou, under the threat that he will otherwise take arms to enforce his claim to the throne of France itself? The Archbishop argues at length that he has right on his side. War is determined on and plans are made for the safety of the kingdom during the King's absence. The French ambassadors who are at hand are summoned. They deliver a scornful message from the French heir apparent and receive a declaration of the King's purpose.

Act II. Preparation for the War.

Prologue. All England is stirred to excitement in preparation.

Scene i. Even the old blackguards and rascals of the King's earlier days are aroused. Pistol, Bardolph, and Nym make preparation to join the army. Falstaff would be going too, but word comes that he is dead. This is one of the humorous scenes that Shakespeare often sandwiches in between the serious and poetic scenes.

Scene ii. Before the King leaves England all must be safe at home. Henry has discovered a conspiracy among the high nobles of his court. The conspirators are arrested and sent to the block, and the King is ready to start.

Scene iii. The humorous ruffians are seen again.

Scene iv. The French hear of Henry's purpose. There is a difference of opinion as to what action shall be taken. The Dauphin thinks that the nobility of France have but to show themselves to drive the English from their country. The Constable urges that the matter is of more importance. The Duke of Exeter, Henry's uncle and representative, is introduced, and delivers England's demand and defiance.

Act III. The Campaign in France.

Prologue. Chorus tells of the embarkation of the army and of England left behind.

Scene i. Henry leads his army to the assault of Harfleur.

Scene ii. The humorous ruffians appear, and also stalwart representatives of the real strength of King Henry's army, Gower the Englishman, Fluellen the Welshman, Jamy the Scotchman, and Macmorris the Irishman. They give us word of the siege.

Scene iii. Henry demands the surrender of the town, which is conceded.

Scene iv. In the French King's palace the Princess Katharine takes a lesson in English. There is question of her marriage with Henry, and she wishes to prepare for any fortune.

Scene v. The French nobles make more warlike preparation for meeting the English.

Scene vi. The English army on its march to Calais comes upon the French at the river Ternois. The French attempt to hold a bridge, but the English capture it. The French Herald bears to Henry the defiance of the French King.

Scene vii. The French nobles, encamped near Agincourt, long for day, that they may attack the English.

Act IV. The Battle of Agincourt.

Prologue. Chorus tells of the night before Agincourt, and turns attention especially to the royal captain of the English army.

Scene i. Henry passes about his camp in disguise, to feel the spirit of his men and encourage the waverers. We see all ranks and kinds of Englishmen: the lords, the captains, and the private men; the brave and the boastful. With each Henry has a word, pausing especially, as was common with English kings, in story at least, to talk familiarly with the sturdy yeomen. In fact, he gets into a dispute with one of them and leaves a glove as a gage.

Scene ii. The French prepare for battle.

Scene iii. The English prepare.

Scene iv. The battle is joined. The boaster Pistol falls in with a Frenchman whom he can beat, and takes him prisoner. This humorous scene is almost the only hint we get of the battle which is in progress; if the cowards in the English army do so much, what must not the brave do?

Scene v. The French are in retreat.

Scene vi. The English are not quite sure of the victory they have won.

Scene vii. The King is assured of his victory and the losses of the French. He gives the glory to God.

Scene viii. The half-humorous incident of the glove is taken up

from Scene i and finished. The King takes a formal account of the losses of the French. He continues his march to Calais and returns to England.

Act V. Peace.

Prologue. Chorus tells us of Henry's return after Agincourt, of the rejoicings of England, and of negotiations for peace.

Scene i. The English are still in camp in France. Captain Fluellen shows the braggart Pistol in his true colors.

Scene ii. The French and the English kings meet for discussion of terms of peace. While the lords and commissioners, on either side, discuss the details, Henry has half an hour with the Princess Katharine, whose hand in marriage he asks now after the war as he had asked it before. The other terms are agreed upon and the play ends.

Such is the subject-matter of the play. Dramatically it is quite clear that the single line of action comes to its climax in the Battle of Agincourt, and is composed to a satisfying issue in the declaration of peace and the marriage of the King. **Summary of development.**

We may state the topics thus: —

Act I. Introduction (Sc. i) and explanation (Sc. ii) of the main motive, the Campaign in France.

Act II. Development of the motive: preparation for the Campaign. The scenes are humorous (Sc. i, iii) and serious (Sc. ii, iv) in turn.

Act III. Continuation of the motive: the Campaign. The English are successful at Harfleur (Sc. i, ii, iii) and the bridge of Ternois (Sc. vi), but the French have gathered in force at Agincourt (Sc. vii).

Act IV. The climax of the main motive: the Battle of Agincourt, the Crowning Point of the Campaign. We have the Preparation (Sc. i, ii, iii), the Field of Battle (Sc. iv), and the Defeat of the French and Victory of the English (Sc. v, vi, vii, viii).

Act V. Conclusion of the motive: the End of the Campaign (Sc. i) and the Treaty of Peace (Sc. ii).

This is a simple and natural dramatic development. It has beginning, continuation, climax, and end. It has hardly anything that can be called an episode: even III, iv has close enough relation to the main theme to be called a part of it; V, i, **Dramatic structure.**

perhaps, has least to do with the main action. In general the different acts clearly present the phases of the action. There are two or three points which are not clear. Why, for instance, should the French preparation for the battle be in Act III and the English in Act IV? But these are slight matters; in general we may say that we have a single action developed to a crisis and brought to an end, and a far more simple and regular action than is common in Shakespeare's histories. The different periods of the action are marked and emphasized by the prologues to the acts, and the whole motive grows steadily in the mind and comes to a sufficient close.

If we look to another important element, namely character, we shall not find very much of importance beside the figure of the King himself. *Henry IV* had three characters that were interesting, the King, the Prince, and Hotspur, besides one of the very first order, Falstaff. But in the later play Henry IV, Hotspur, and Falstaff are dead and there are none to fill their places. The English and French nobles are little more than slightly indicated figures; Bardolph and Nym are survivals only. The only real characters of interest beside Henry are Fluellen and Pistol. Of Henry V not much need be said. As is indicated in the Archbishop's speech, Shakespeare means to present an ideal King, a man with faults, but perfectly conscious of his duties and using all his great powers to fulfill them. Shakespeare rarely drew such a figure, the practical man of action, the kind of man that makes the world go. Such men do not give such good material for the drama as men of greater passions and greater faults, like Romeo, Hamlet, Lear. In Theseus, Shakespeare seems to give us

Characters.

a glance at such a man, in Fortinbras he hints at him, but in Henry V only does he present him fully.

To summarize, then, we have in *Henry V* a play in which the action is simple and developed without refinement or complication, in which the characters are sufficient and wholly in harmony with the dramatic motive, but whose striking quality is the sonorous and effective poetic rhetoric in which, as in the note of a trumpet, presents itself this dramatic embodiment of English greatness. Summary.

The performance of *Henry V* by the Ben Greet company of players, on a stage of the Elizabethan fashion, offered an interesting confirmation of the views just expressed of the rhetorical, declamatory character of the play. This performance was in striking contrast with the elaborately scenic productions, of which there have been several in recent years. The stage was a plain hall, the furnishings were of the simplest, the costumes were of the Elizabethan fashion with the addition of typical pieces of armor: realism was, in fact, at its lowest point. Yet under these circumstances, in fact, because of them, the poetry in the piece showed itself at its true worth. There were no pauses between the acts and the fine poetic rhetoric rolled on with the effect on the imagination that a noble panorama would have made on the eye. With everything taken away that belongs especially to a modern performance, the intrinsic quality of the play was easily seen and readily appreciated.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

It may be serviceable to add a few of the most available helps to one who would not only enjoy Shakespeare, but study so that one may enjoy the better. In general, Dowden's *Shakespere Primer* presents a great deal in a very convenient form. The best general book is Mabie's *William Shakespeare.* The best biography is that by Sidney Lee. Most suggestive of the studies of the growth of Shakespeare's genius is Dowden's *Shakespere: His Mind and Art.* The aids to linguistic study are Bartlett's *Concordance to Shakespeare*, Schmidt's *Shakespeare Lexicon* (3d edition by G. Sarrazin), Abbott's *Shakespearean Grammar*, or for those who read German, Franz's *Shakespeare-Grammatik.* Richard Grant White's *Studies in Shakespeare* presents, besides a critical study of several individual plays, a clear exposition of the periods of the poet's work and a complete discussion of the Shakespeare-Bacon controversy. As to the text there are many library editions, the "Riverside," from which our text is taken, being as good as any and better than most. Very useful to the reader is Bell's *Reader's Shakespeare* in three volumes, in which the plays, somewhat cut down, it is true, are presented with such suggestions for reading and emphasis as often do much to bring out the meaning.

NOTE

THIS edition of *King Henry the Fifth* presents the text and notes of the Riverside Edition. In a few cases Mr. White's notes have been omitted, but as a rule they will be found *verbatim*, marked W. Of the additional notes, some give meanings that have changed since Shakespeare's day, in order to carry out Mr. White's plan of giving the meaning of obsolete words. Such a help is quite necessary to the student who does not wish to distract his attention from the poetry every moment to gain linguistic information. But besides these, it has seemed well to add notes on the dramatic purpose of scene, action, and character, and on the poetic significance of phrase or speech. These matters are also touched upon in the Introduction, but the notes give especial applications. All references to plays are given in the numbering of the Riverside Shakespeare.

E. E. H., JR.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

KING HENRY THE FIFTH.

DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, } *brothers to the*
DUKE OF BEDFORD, } *King.*

DUKE OF EXETER, *uncle to the King.*

DUKE OF YORK, *cousin to the King.*

EARLS OF SALISBURY, WESTMORELAND, *and* WARWICK.

ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

BISHOP OF ELY.

EARL OF CAMBRIDGE.

LORD SCROOP.

SIR THOMAS GREY.

SIR THOMAS ERPINGHAM, GOWER, FLUELLEN, MACMORRIS, JAMY, *officers in King Henry's army.*

BATES, COURT, WILLIAMS, *soldiers in the same.*

PISTOL, NYM, BARDOLPH.

Boy.

A Herald.

CHARLES THE SIXTH, *King of France.*

LEWIS, *the Dauphin.*

DUKES OF BURGUNDY, ORLEANS, *and* BOURBON.

The Constable of France.

RAMBURES *and* GRANDPRÉ, *French Lords.*

Governor of Harfleur.

MONTJOY, *a French Herald.*

Ambassadors to the King of England.

ISABEL, *Queen of France.*

KATHARINE, *daughter to Charles and Isabel.*

ALICE, *a lady attending on her.*

Hostess of a tavern in Eastcheap, formerly Mistress Quickly, and now married to Pistol.

Lords, Ladies, Officers, Soldiers, Citizens, Messengers, and Attendants.

Chorus.

SCENE: England; afterwards France.

KING HENRY THE FIFTH

PROLOGUE

Enter Chorus.

Chor. O for a Muse of fire, that would ascend
The brightest heaven of invention,
A kingdom for a stage, princes to act
And monarchs to behold the swelling scene!
Then should the warlike Harry, like himself,
Assume the port of Mars; and at his heels,
Leash'd in like hounds, should famine, sword and fire
Crouch for employment. But pardon, gentles all,
The flat unraised spirits that have dar'd
On this unworthy scaffold to bring forth
So great an object: can this cockpit hold
The vasty fields of France? or may we cram
Within this wooden O the very casques
That did affright the air at Agincourt?
O, pardon! since a crooked figure may

2. **invention**: four syllables, as *million*, line 16, is three. W.

10. The theatrical allusions in the speeches of Chorus are very interesting. The stage is called a scaffold because it really was one placed in the middle of the circle, "this wooden O," "the girdle of these walls," in which the spectators sat and stood. It is called a cockpit probably because it was not unlike one; several of the older theatres were used at times for bull and bear baiting and for cockfighting. One of the theatres built shortly after this time was called The Cockpit.

Attest in little place a million;
And let us, ciphers to this great accompt,
On your imaginary forces work.
Suppose within the girdle of these walls
Are now confin'd two mighty monarchies,
Whose high upreared and abutting fronts
The perilous narrow ocean parts asunder:
Piece out our imperfections with your thoughts;
Into a thousand parts divide one man,
And make imaginary puissance;
Think, when we talk of horses, that you see them
Printing their proud hoofs i' th' receiving earth;
For 't is your thoughts that now must deck our kings,
Carry them here and there; jumping o'er times,
Turning th' accomplishment of many years
Into an hour-glass: for the which supply,
Admit me Chorus to this history;
Who prologue-like your humble patience pray,
Gently to hear, kindly to judge, our play. [*Exit.*

ACT I

SCENE I. *London. An antechamber in the* KING'S *palace.*

Enter the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY *and the* BISHOP OF ELY.

Cant. My lord, I 'll tell you; that self bill is urg'd,
Which in the eleventh year of the last king's reign

18. imaginary = imaginative. In l. 25 the word has the modern meaning.

26. This was Shakespeare's general view of stage-setting. Cf. the satire on Wall and Moonshine in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, III, i, 40–65, and V, i, 125–250.

1. bill: after this scene we hear no more of the bill. It disappears when it has served its purpose of introducing King Henry by the very flattering mention of the archbishop.

Was like, and had indeed against us pass'd,
But that the scambling and unquiet time
Did push it out of farther question.

Ely. But how, my lord, shall we resist it now?

Cant. It must be thought on. If it pass against us,
We lose the better half of our possession:
For all the temporal lands which men devout
By testament have given to the church
Would they strip from us; being valu'd thus:
As much as would maintain, to the King's honour,
Full fifteen earls and fifteen hundred knights,
Six thousand and two hundred good esquires;
And, to relief of lazars and weak age,
Of indigent faint souls past corporal toil,
A hundred almshouses right well supplied;
And to the coffers of the King beside,
A thousand pounds by the year: thus runs the bill.

Ely. This would drink deep.

Cant. 'T would drink the cup and all.

Ely. But what prevention?

Cant. The King is full of grace and fair regard.

Ely. And a true lover of the holy church.

Cant. The courses of his youth promis'd it not.
The breath no sooner left his father's body,
But that his wildness, mortified in him,
Seem'd to die too; yea, at that very moment
Consideration, like an angel, came
And whipp'd the offending Adam out of him,

24. **courses**: these are the courses presented in *1 Henry IV.* Shakespeare merely alludes to them as well known to his audience. The contrast between the wild youth and the serious king is not necessary to his purpose in this play.

Leaving his body as a paradise,
To envelope and contain celestial spirits.
Never was such a sudden scholar made;
Never came reformation in a flood,
With such a heady current, scouring faults;
Nor never Hydra-headed wilfulness
So soon did lose his seat and all at once
As in this king.
Ely. We are blessed in the change.
Cant. Hear him but reason in divinity,
And all-admiring with an inward wish
You would desire the King were made a prelate:
Hear him debate of commonwealth affairs,
You would say it hath been all in all his study:
List his discourse of war, and you shall hear
A fearful battle render'd you in music:
Turn him to any cause of policy,
The Gordian knot of it he will unloose,
Familiar as his garter: that, when he speaks,
The air, a charter'd libertine, is still,
And the mute wonder lurketh in men's ears,
To steal his sweet and honey'd sentences;
So that the art and practic part of life
Must be the mistress to this theoric:
Which is a wonder how his grace should glean it,
Since his addiction was to courses vain,
His companies unletter'd, rude and shallow,
His hours fill'd up with riots, banquets, sports,

33. **reformation in a flood**: an allusion to Hercules's cleansing of the Augean stables by turning a river through them. W.

38. **Hear him but reason in divinity**, etc. All this is mere fancy; there is no evidence that Henry V had these faculties and accomplishments. W.

51. **practic** = practical.

And never noted in him any study,
Any retirement, any sequestration
From open haunts and popularity.

Ely. The strawberry grows underneath the nettle
And wholesome berries thrive and ripen best
Neighbour'd by fruit of baser quality:
And so the Prince obscur'd his contemplation
Under the veil of wildness; which, no doubt,
Grew like the summer grass, fastest by night,
Unseen, yet crescive in his faculty.

Cant. It must be so; for miracles are ceas'd;
And therefore we must needs admit the means
How things are perfected.

Ely. But, my good lord,
How now for mitigation of this bill
Urg'd by the commons? Doth his majesty
Incline to it, or no?

Cant. He seems indifferent,
Or rather swaying more upon our part
Than cherishing the exhibiters against us;
For I have made an offer to his majesty,
Upon our spiritual convocation
And in regard of causes now in hand,
Which I have open'd to his grace at large,
As touching France, to give a greater sum
Than ever at one time the clergy yet
Did to his predecessors part withal.

Ely. How did this offer seem receiv'd, my lord?

Cant. With good acceptance of his majesty;

59. **popularity** = unreserved intercourse with common people. W.

61. **And wholesome berries**, etc. One of those foolish fancies that originate in a love of mystery. It was long prevalent. W.

74. **exhibiters** = those who brought forward the bill.

Save that there was not time enough to hear,
As I perceiv'd his grace would fain have done,
The severals and unhidden passages
Of his true titles to some certain dukedoms
And generally to the crown and seat of France
Deriv'd from Edward, his great-grandfather.

Ely. What was the impediment that broke this off?

Cant. The French ambassador upon that instant
Crav'd audience; and the hour, I think, is come
To give him hearing: is it four o'clock?

Ely. It is.

Cant. Then go we in, to know his embassy;
Which I could with a ready guess declare,
Before the Frenchman speak a word of it.

Ely. I 'll wait upon you, and I long to hear it.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The same. The presence chamber.*

Enter KING HENRY, GLOUCESTER, BEDFORD, EXETER, WARWICK, WESTMORELAND, *and* Attendants.

K. Hen. Where is my gracious Lord of Canterbury?

Exe. Not here in presence.

K. Hen. Send for him, good uncle.

West. Shall we call in th' ambassador, my liege?

K. Hen. Not yet, my cousin, we would be resolv'd,
Before we hear him, of some things of weight
That task our thoughts, concerning us and France.

Enter the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY *and the* BISHOP OF ELY.

Cant. God and his angels guard your sacred throne
And make you long become it!

Scene II. This scene develops rapidly the idea presented in the one before.

8. **become** = adorn.

K. Hen. Sure, we thank you.
My learned lord, we pray you to proceed
And justly and religiously unfold
Why the law Salique that they have in France
Or should, or should not, bar us in our claim:
And God forbid, my dear and faithful lord,
That you should fashion, wrest, or bow your reading,
Or nicely charge your understanding soul
With opening titles miscreate, whose right
Suits not in native colours with the truth;
For God doth know how many now in health
Shall drop their blood in approbation
Of what your reverence shall incite us to.
Therefore take heed how you impawn our person,
How you awake our sleeping sword of war:
We charge you, in the name of God, take heed;
For never two such kingdoms did contend
Without much fall of blood; whose guiltless drops
Are every one a woe, a sore complaint
'Gainst him whose wrong gives edge unto the swords
That make such waste in brief mortality.
Under this conjuration speak, my lord;
For we will hear, note and believe in heart
That what you speak is in your conscience wash'd
As pure as sin with baptism.

Cant. Then hear me, gracious sovereign, and you peers,
That owe yourselves, your lives and services
To this imperial throne. There is no bar
To make against your highness' claim to France

14. **bow** = bend or turn your interpretation.
15. **nicely** = in a very special manner.
20. Compare with this the king's speech in IV, i, 146 ff.
21. **impawn** = put in pawn, commit.

But this, which they produce from Pharamond,
"*In terram Salicam mulieres ne succedant:*"
"No wòman shall succeed in Salique land:"
Which Salique land the French unjustly gloze
To be the realm of France, and Pharamond
The founder of this law and female bar.
Yet their own authors faithfully affirm
That the land Salique is in Germany,
Between the floods of Sala and of Elbe;
Where Charles the Great, having subdu'd the Saxons,
There left behind and settled certain French;
Who, holding in disdain the German women
For some dishonest manners of their life,
Establish'd then this law; to wit, no female
Should be inheritrix in Salique land:
Which Salique, as I said, 'twixt Elbe and Sala,
Is at this day in Germany call'd Meisen.
Then doth it well appear the Salique law
Was not devised for the realm of France;
Nor did the French possess the Salique land
Until four hundred one and twenty years
After defunction of King Pharamond,
Idly suppos'd the founder of this law;
Who died within the year of our redemption
Four hundred twenty-six; and Charles the Great
Subdu'd the Saxons, and did seat the French
Beyond the river Sala, in the year

37. **Pharamond** was, according to legend, the first King of France.

40. **gloze** = explain, as with a gloss.

46. **Charles the Great** = Charlemagne. W.

49. **dishonest** = unchaste. S. simply took the word from Holinshed. W.

61. **Four hundred twenty-six.** These dates and the accompanying arithmetic S. took without question from Holinshed. W.

Eight hundred five. Besides, their writers say,
King Pepin, which deposed Childeric,
Did, as heir general, being descended
Of Blithild, which was daughter to King Clothair,
Make claim and title to the crown of France.
Hugh Capet also, who usurp'd the crown
Of Charles the Duke of Lorraine, sole heir male
Of the true line and stock of Charles the Great,
To find his title with some shows of truth,
Though, in pure truth, it was corrupt and naught,
Convey'd himself as heir to the Lady Lingare,
Daughter to Charlemain, who was the son
To Lewis the Emperor, and Lewis the son
Of Charles the Great. Also King Lewis the Tenth,
Who was sole heir to the usurper Capet,
Could not keep quiet in his conscience,
Wearing the crown of France, till satisfied
That fair Queen Isabel, his grandmother,
Was lineal of the Lady Ermengare,
Daughter to Charles the foresaid Duke of Lorraine:
By the which marriage the line of Charles the Great
Was re-united to the crown of France.
So that, as clear as is the summer's sun,
King Pepin's title and Hugh Capet's claim,
King Lewis his satisfaction, all appear
To hold in right and title of the female:
So do the kings of France unto this day;
Howbeit they would hold up this Salique law
To bar your highness claiming from the female,

72. to find = to provide. W.

74. Convey'd = passed himself off.

75. Charlemain: taken from Holinshed. It should be Charles the Bald. There are other errors, but of even less importance to S.'s readers. W.

And rather choose to hide them in a net
Than amply to imbare their crooked titles
Usurp'd from you and your progenitors.

K. Hen. May I with right and conscience make this claim?—

Cant. The sin upon my head, dread sovereign!
For in the book of Numbers is it writ,
When the man dies, let the inheritance
Descend unto the daughter. Gracious lord,
Stand for your own; unwind your bloody flag;
Look back into your mighty ancestors:
Go, my dread lord, to your great-grandsire's tomb,
From whom you claim; invoke his warlike spirit,
And your great-uncle's, Edward the Black Prince,
Who on the French ground play'd a tragedy,
Making defeat on the full power of France,
Whiles his most mighty father on a hill
Stood smiling to behold his lion's whelp
Forage in blood of French nobility.
O noble English, that could entertain
With half their forces the full pride of France
And let another half stand laughing by,
All out of work and cold for action!

94. **imbare.** The passage is puzzling, but the word seems to mean to make bare, put into light.

96. The archbishop has urged that the law, if rightly understood, is no bar to Henry's claim, and that the title of the King of France to his own throne shows it to be so. Henry would seem hardly to follow the reasoning: after this long explanation he asks directly for the result. He has asked expert advice, and means to take it, or possibly he desires definite and public justification for the course he means to pursue.

103. **great-grandsire**: Edward III.

108. **on a hill.** Edward III stood on a hill by a windmill at Crecy, and saw the Black Prince defeat the French. Only part of the English army was engaged. W.

Ely. Awake remembrance of these valiant dead
And with your puissant arm renew their feats:
You are their heir; you sit upon their throne;
The blood and courage that renowned them
Runs in your veins; and my thrice-puissant liege
Is in the very May-morn of his youth,
Ripe for exploits and mighty enterprises.

Exe. Your brother kings and monarchs of the earth
Do all expect that you should rouse yourself,
As did the former lions of your blood.

West. They know your grace hath cause and means and might;
So hath your highness; never King of England
Had nobles richer and more loyal subjects,
Whose hearts have left their bodies here in England
And lie pavilion'd in the fields of France.

Cant. O, let their bodies follow, my dear liege,
With blood and sword and fire to win your right;
In aid whereof we of the spiritualty
Will raise your highness such a mighty sum
As never did the clergy at one time
Bring in to any of your ancestors.

K. Hen. We must not only arm to invade the French,
But lay down our proportions to defend
Against the Scot, who will make road upon us
With all advantages.

Cant. They of those marches, gracious sovereign,
Shall be a wall sufficient to defend
Our inland from the pilfering borderers.

126. i. e., they are right.
129. They already think themselves encamped in France.
137. proportions = calculations, plans.

K. Hen. We do not mean the coursing snatchers only,
But fear the main intendment of the Scot,
Who hath been still a giddy neighbour to us;
For you shall read that my great-grandfather
Never went with his forces into France
But that the Scot on his unfurnish'd kingdom
Came pouring, like the tide into a breach,
With ample and brim fullness of his force,
Galling the gleaned land with hot assays,
Girding with grievous siege castles and towns;
That England, being empty of defence,
Hath shook and trembled at th' ill neighbourhood.

Cant. She hath been then more fear'd than harm'd, my liege;
For hear her but exampled by herself:
When all her chivalry hath been in France
And she a mourning widow of her nobles,
She hath herself not only well defended
But taken and impounded as a stray
The King of Scots; whom she did send to France,
To fill King Edward's fame with prisoner kings
And make her chronicle as rich with praise
As is the ooze and bottom of the sea
With sunken wreck and sumless treasuries.

West. But there 's a saying very old and true,

"If that you will France win,
Then with Scotland first begin:"

145. **still** = always, as generally in Shakespeare.

145. **giddy** = excitable, hot-headed.

150. **brim fullness**: an astonishing example of S.'s recklessness in the use of language. W.

151. **assays** = attempts.

155. **more fear'd** = more frightened. W.

156. **For . . . herself.** The archbishop refers to the year 1346, when Edward III was absent in France.

For once the eagle England being in prey,
To her unguarded nest the weasel Scot
Comes sneaking and so sucks her princely eggs,
Playing the mouse in absence of the cat,
To tear and havoc more than she can eat.

Exe. It follows then the cat must stay at home:
Yet that is but a curs'd necessity,
Since we have locks to safeguard necessaries,
And pretty traps to catch the petty thieves.
While that the armed hand doth fight abroad,
The advised head defends itself at home;
For government, though high and low and lower,
Put into parts, doth keep in one consent,
Congruing in a full and natural close,
Like music.

Cant. Therefore doth heaven divide
The state of man in divers functions,
Setting endeavour in continual motion;
To which is fixed, as an aim or butt,
Obedience: for so work the honey-bees,
Creatures that by a rule in nature teach
The act of order to a peopled kingdom.
They have a king and officers of sorts;
Where some, like magistrates, correct at home,
Others, like merchants, venture trade abroad,
Others, like soldiers, armed in their stings,

175. **curs'd necessity** = a bitter, sharp, shrewd necessity. W.

182. **congruing** = harmonizing. The Folio has *congreeing*, which, if used by Shakespeare, was probably formed on the spur of the moment, for it is not found elsewhere.

183. See p. 16 for comment on this speech.

186. **butt** = a kind of target at archery.

190. **a king**: in point of fact a queen, there being no Salic law in the hive.

190. **sorts** = various ranks. W.

Make boot upon the summer's velvet buds,
Which pillage they with merry march bring home
To the tent-royal of their emperor;
Who, busied in his majesty, surveys
The singing masons building roofs of gold,
The civil citizens kneading up the honey,
The poor mechanic porters crowding in
Their heavy burdens at his narrow gate,
The sad-eyed justice, with his surly hum,
Delivering o'er to executors pale
The lazy yawning drone. I this infer,
That many things, having full reference
To one consent, may work contrariously:
As many arrows, loosed several ways,
Come to one mark; as many ways meet in one town;
As many fresh streams meet in one salt sea;
As many lines close in the dial's centre;
So may a thousand actions, once afoot,
End in one purpose, and be all well borne
Without defeat. Therefore to France, my liege.
Divide your happy England into four;
Whereof take you one quarter into France,
And you withal shall make all Gallia shake.
If we, with thrice such powers left at home,
Cannot defend our own doors from the dog,
Let us be worried and our nation lose
The name of hardiness and policy.

K. Hen. Call in the messengers sent from the Dolphin. [*Exeunt some Attendants.*

199. **civil**, as opposed to military.

210. **dial**, the sun-dial.

221. **Dolphin**. The title Dauphin came from the proper name Dauphin, which in turn was from the dolphin on the coat-of-arms.

Now are we well resolv'd; and, by God's help,
And yours, the noble sinews of our power,
France being ours, we 'll bend it to our awe,
Or break it all to pieces: or there we 'll sit,
Ruling in large and ample empery
O'er France and all her almost kingly dukedoms,—
Or lay these bones in an unworthy urn,
Tombless, with no remembrance over them:
Either our history shall with full mouth
Speak freely of our acts, or else our grave,
Like Turkish mute, shall have a tongueless mouth,
Not worshipp'd with a waxen epitaph.

Enter Ambassadors *of France.*

Now are we well prepar'd to know the pleasure
Of our fair cousin Dolphin; for we hear
Your greeting is from him, not from the King.

First Amb. May 't please your majesty to give us leave
Freely to render what we have in charge;
Or shall we sparingly show you far off
The Dolphin's meaning and our embassy?

K. Hen. We are no tyrant, but a Christian king;
Unto whose grace our passion is as subject
As are our wretches fetter'd in our prisons:
Therefore with frank and with uncurbed plainness
Tell us the Dolphin's mind.

227. In the middle ages France was more of a combination of powerful dukedoms than a kingdom. The dukes of Normandy, Burgundy, Brittany, and others were practically independent rulers, and were obedient to the King of France only as he could compel obedience.

232. mute = a servant whose tongue has been cut out.

233. waxen = soft, perishable; suggested by waxen tablets for writing. W.

First Amb. Thus, then, in few.
Your highness, lately sending into France,
Did claim some certain dukedoms, in the right
Of your great predecessor, King Edward the Third.
In answer of which claim, the prince our master
Says that you savour too much of your youth,
And bids you be advis'd there 's nought in France
That can be with a nimble galliard won;
You cannot revel into dukedoms there.
He therefore sends you, meeter for your spirit,
This tun of treasure; and, in lieu of this,
Desires you let the dukedoms that you claim
Hear no more of you. This the Dolphin speaks.

K. Hen. What treasure, uncle?

Exe. Tennis-balls, my liege.

K. Hen. We are glad the Dolphin is so pleasant with us;
His present and your pains we thank you for:
When we have match'd our rackets to these balls,
We will, in France, by God's grace, play a set
Shall strike his father's crown into the hazard.
Tell him he hath made a match with such a wrangler
That all the courts of France will be disturb'd
With chaces. And we understand him well,
How he comes o'er us with our wilder days,
Not measuring what use we made of them.
We never valued this poor seat of England;
And therefore, living hence, did give ourself

247. **certain dukedoms**: Normandy, Brittany, Touraine, and the earldoms of Anjou and Maine.

259. **pleasant** = full of jest.

261. **rackets, set, hazard, chaces**: technical terms in the game of court tennis.

267. The Dauphin was thinking that Henry was still his younger self.

To barbarous license; as 't is ever common
That men are merriest when they are from home.
But tell the Dolphin I will keep my state,
Be like a king and show my sail of greatness
When I do rouse me in my throne of France:
For that I have laid by my majesty
And plodded like a man for working-days,
But I will rise there with so full a glory
That I will dazzle all the eyes of France,
Yea, strike the Dolphin blind to look on us.
And tell the pleasant prince this mock of his
Hath turn'd his balls to gun-stones; and his soul
Shall stand sore charged for the wasteful vengeance
That shall fly with them: for many a thousand widows
Shall this his mock mock out of their dear husbands;
Mock mothers from their sons, mock castles down;
And some are yet ungotten and unborn
That shall have cause to curse the Dolphin's scorn.
But this lies all within the will of God,
To whom I do appeal; and in whose name
Tell you the Dolphin I am coming on,
To venge me as I may, and to put forth
My rightful hand in a well-hallow'd cause.
So get you hence in peace; and tell the Dolphin
His jest will savour but of shallow wit,
When thousands weep more than did laugh at it.
Convey them with safe conduct. Fare you well.

[*Exeunt Ambassadors.*

Exe. This was a merry message.

K. Hen. We hope to make the sender blush at it.
Therefore, my lords, omit no happy hour
That may give furth'rance to our expedition;

282. **gun-stones** = cannon balls, made at first of stone. W.
300. **happy** = fortunate.

For we have now no thought in us but France,
Save those to God, that run before our business.
Therefore, let our proportions for these wars
Be soon collected and all things thought upon
That may with reasonable swiftness add
More feathers to our wings; for, God before,
We 'll chide this Dolphin at his father's door.
Therefore let every man now task his thought,
That this fair action may on foot be brought.

[*Exeunt. Flourish.*

ACT II

PROLOGUE

Enter Chorus.

Chor. Now all the youth of England are on fire,
And silken dalliance in the wardrobe lies:
Now thrive the armourers, and honour's thought
Reigns solely in the breast of every man:
They sell the pasture now to buy the horse,
Following the mirror of all Christian kings,
With winged heels, as English Mercuries.
For now sits Expectation in the air,
And hides a sword from hilts unto the point
With crowns imperial, crowns and coronets,
Promis'd to Harry and his followers.
The French, advis'd by good intelligence

307. **God before** = God going before, *Deo juvante*. W.

Prologue. This exemplifies one of the great functions of the Chorus; it tells us about things instead of showing them to us; it is narrative and not dramatic. Shakespeare uses it for matters that could not easily be presented in action.

9. **And hides a sword**, etc. Swords with crowns thus spitted on them may be seen in some old engraved royal portraits. W.

Of this most dreadful preparation,
Shake in their fear and with pale policy
Seek to divert the English purposes.
O England! model to thy inward greatness
Like little body with a mighty heart,
What mightst thou do, that honour would thee do,
Were all thy children kind and natural!
But see thy fault! France hath in thee found out
A nest of hollow bosoms, which he fills
With treacherous crowns; and three corrupted men,
One, Richard Earl of Cambridge, and the second,
Henry Lord Scroop of Masham, and the third,
Sir Thomas Grey, knight, of Northumberland,
Have, for the gilt of France, — O guilt indeed! —
Confirm'd conspiracy with fearful France;
And by their hands this grace of kings must die,
If hell and treason hold their promises,
Ere he take ship for France, and in Southampton.
Linger your patience on; and we'll digest
The abuse of distance; force a play:
The sum is paid; the traitors are agreed;
The King is set from London; and the scene
Is now transported, gentles, to Southampton;
There is the playhouse now, there must you sit:
And thence to France shall we convey you safe,

16. **model to thy inward greatness** = proportioned to thy inward greatness. W.

19. **kind and natural.** The meaning of the two words is here much the same.

20. **France** = the King of France. So England in II, iv, 75.

23. **Cambridge**: cousin to Henry IV. **Scroop**: third husband of Joan, widow of Edmund, Duke of York. W.

32. **force a play.** Either this phrase is hopelessly corrupt, or something before it has been lost. W.

34. **scene** = place of action.

And bring you back, charming the narrow seas
To give you gentle pass; for, if we may,
We 'll not offend one stomach with our play.
But, till the King come forth, and not till then,
Unto Southampton do we shift our scene. [*Exit.*

SCENE I. *London. A street.*

Enter Corporal NYM *and* Lieutenant BARDOLPH.

Bard. Well met, Corporal Nym.

Nym. Good morrow, Lieutenant Bardolph.

Bard. What, are Ancient Pistol and you friends yet?

Nym. For my part, I care not: I say little; but when time shall serve, there shall be smiles; but that shall be as it may. I dare not fight; but I will wink and hold out mine iron: it is a simple one; but what though? it will toast cheese, and it will endure cold as another man's sword will: and there 's an end.

Bard. I will bestow a breakfast to make you friends; and we 'll be all three sworn brothers to France: let it be so, good Corporal Nym.

Nym. Faith, I will live so long as I may, that 's the certain of it: and when I cannot live any longer, I

42. The first scene was not to be at Southampton.

Scene I. This is one of the humorous or character scenes that the Elizabethan drama sandwiched in amongst the poetry and rhetoric. Bardolph and Pistol are reminiscences of *Henry IV*, remnants of the swaggering crew of Falstaff. Nym comes from the *Merry Wives*. They serve Shakespeare's purpose only indirectly. For the exhibition of British courage and achievement he creates men of a different stamp, Fluellen and Gower, Macmorris and Jamy, Williams and Bates. Pistol is the only one of the swaggerers who remains through the play: Bardolph is hanged for robbing a church, and Nym is, also, though for some reason that we do not hear.

will do as I may: that is my rest, that is the rendezvous of it.

Bard. It is certain, corporal, that he is married to Nell Quickly: and certainly she did you wrong; for you were troth-plight to her.

Nym. I cannot tell: things must be as they may; men may sleep, and they may have their throats about them at that time; and some say knives have edges. It must be as it may: though patience be a tired mare, yet she will plod. There must be conclusions. Well, I cannot tell.

Enter PISTOL *and* Hostess.

Bard. Here come Ancient Pistol and his wife: good corporal, be patient here.

Nym. How now, mine host Pistol!

Pist. Base tike, call'st thou me host?
Now, by this hand, I swear, I scorn the term;
Nor shall my Nell keep lodgers.

Host. No, by my troth, not long; for we cannot lodge and board a dozen or fourteen gentlewomen that live honestly by the prick of their needles, but it will be thought we keep a bawdy house straight. [*Nym draws.*] O well a day, Lady, if he be not drawn now! we shall see wilful adultery and murder committed.

Bard. Good lieutenant! good corporal! offer nothing here.

Nym. Pish!

Pist. Pish for thee, Iceland dog! thou prick-ear'd cur of Iceland!

16. **the rendezvous.** Let it be said, once for all, that Nym's and Pistol's French, like much of their English, passes human understanding, although not human enjoyment. W.

It would seem, however, from V, i, 84 that they thought rendezvous meant rest or something of the sort.

42. **prick-ear'd** = with pointed ears.

Host. Good Corporal Nym, show thy valour, and put up your sword.

Nym. Will you shog off? I would have you solus.

Pist. "Solus," egregious dog? O viper vile!
The "solus" in thy most mervailous face;
The "solus" in thy teeth, and in thy throat,
And in thy hateful lungs, yea, in thy maw, perdy,
And, which is worse, within thy nasty mouth!
I do retort the "solus" in thy bowels;
For I can take, and Pistol's cock is up,
And flashing fire will follow.

Nym. I am not Barbason; you cannot conjure me. I have an humour to knock you indifferently well. If you grow foul with me, Pistol, I will scour you with my rapier, as I may, in fair terms: if you would walk off, I would prick your guts a little, in good terms, as I may: and that 's the humour of it.

Pist. O braggart vile and damned furious wight!
The grave doth gape, and doting death is near;
Therefore exhale. [*Pistol draws.*

Bard. Hear me, hear me what I say: he that strikes the first stroke, I 'll run him up to the hilts, as I am a soldier. [*Draws.*

Pist. An oath of mickle might; and fury shall abate.
Give me thy fist, thy fore-foot to me give:
Thy spirits are most tall.

Nym. I will cut thy throat, one time or other, in fair terms: that is the humour of it.

46. **shog** = jog. W. Cf. II, iii, 45.
55. **Barbason** was the name of a devil.
63. **exhale** = draw out. W.
64. **Hear . . . say**; note the double object.
71. **the humour of it**: a favorite expression with Nym (II,

Pist. "*Couple a gorge!*"
That is the word. I thee defy again.
O hound of Crete, think'st thou my spouse to get?
No; to the spital go,
And from the powdering-tub of infamy
Fetch forth the lazar kite of Cressid's kind,
Doll Tearsheet she by name, and her espouse:
I have, and I will hold, the quondam Quickly
For the only she; and — *pauca*, there 's enough.
Go to.

Enter the Boy.

Boy. Mine host Pistol, you must come to my master, and you, hostess: he is very sick, and would to bed. Good Bardolph, put thy face between his sheets, and do the office of a warming-pan. Faith, he 's very ill.

Bard. Away, you rogue!

Host. By my troth, he 'll yield the crow a pudding one of these days. The King has kill'd his heart. Good husband, come home presently.

[*Exeunt Hostess and Boy.*

Bard. Come, shall I make you two friends? We must to France together: why the devil should we keep knives to cut one another's throats?

Pist. Let floods o'erswell, and fiends for food howl on!

i, 99, 119; II, iii, 60; III, ii, 5). *Humour* has many meanings in Elizabethan English, as will be seen in *The Merry Wives*, I, iii, where Nym uses it nine times in ten speeches.

72. **Couple a gorge.** See IV, iv, 38 and note.

80. **pauca** = little, in brief. (Lat.) W.

84. One of the many jests at Bardolph's nose. Cf. II, iii, 41.

89. By not keeping him in favor. Cf. *2 Henry IV*, V, v, 51 ff.

90. **presently** = at this present moment, now, at once. W.

Nym. You 'll pay me the eight shillings I won of you at betting?

Pist. Base is the slave that pays.

Nym. That now I will have: that 's the humour of it.

Pist. As manhood shall compound: push home.

[*They draw.*

Bard. By this sword, he that makes the first thrust, I 'll kill him; by this sword, I will.

Pist. Sword is an oath, and oaths must have their course.

Bard. Corporal Nym, an thou wilt be friends, be friends: an thou wilt not, why, then, be enemies with me too. Prithee, put up.

Nym. I shall have my eight shillings I won of you at betting?

Pist. A noble shalt thou have, and present pay;
And liquor likewise will I give to thee,
And friendship shall combine, and brotherhood:
I 'll live by Nym, and Nym shall live by me;
Is not this just? for I shall sutler be
Unto the camp, and profits will accrue.
Give me thy hand.

Nym. I shall have my noble?

Pist. In cash most justly paid.

Nym. Well, then, that 's the humour of 't.

Re-enter Hostess.

Host. As ever you came of women, come in quickly to Sir John. Ah, poor heart! he is so shak'd of a burning quotidian tertian, that it is most lamentable to behold. Sweet men, come to him.

Nym. The King hath run bad humours on the knight; that 's the even of it.

98. **Base is the slave**, etc.: a quotation from an old play, like much of Pistol's bombast. W.

Pist. Nym, thou hast spoke the right;
His heart is fracted and corroborate.

Nym. The King is a good king: but it must be as it may; he passes some humours and careers.

Pist. Let us condole the knight; for lambkins we will live. 131

SCENE II. *Southampton. A council-chamber.*

Enter EXETER, BEDFORD, *and* WESTMORELAND.

Bed. 'Fore God, his grace is bold, to trust these traitors.

Exe. They shall be apprehended by and by.

West. How smooth and even they do bear themselves!
As if allegiance in their bosoms sat,
Crowned with faith and constant loyalty.

Bed. The King hath note of all that they intend,
By interception which they dream not of.

Exe. Nay, but the man that was his bedfellow,
Whom he hath dull'd and cloy'd with gracious favours,
That he should, for a foreign purse, so sell 10
His sovereign's life to death and treachery.

Trumpets sound. Enter KING HENRY, SCROOP, CAMBRIDGE, GREY, *and* Attendants.

K. Hen. Now sits the wind fair, and we will aboard.
My Lord of Cambridge, and my kind Lord of Masham,
And you, my gentle knight, give me your thoughts:

127. **fracted** = broken. So in *Timon of Athens*, Act II, Sc. i, l. 22. W.

2. **by and by**, at once.

8. **his bedfellow**: so Holinshed says: the practice was less uncommon of old than now. W. He speaks of Lord Scroop.

Think you not that the powers we bear with us
Will cut their passage through the force of France,
Doing the execution and the act
For which we have in head assembled them?

Scroop. No doubt, my liege, if each man do his best.

K. Hen. I doubt not that; since we are well persuaded

We carry not a heart with us from hence
That grows not in a fair consent with ours,
Nor leave not one behind that doth not wish
Success and conquest to attend on us.

Cam. Never was monarch better fear'd and lov'd
Than is your majesty; there 's not, I think, a subject
That sits in heart-grief and uneasiness
Under the sweet shade of your government.

Grey. True: those that were your father's enemies
Have steep'd their galls in honey, and do serve you
With hearts create of duty and of zeal.

K. Hen. We therefore have great cause of thankfulness;
And shall forget the office of our hand,
Sooner than quittance of desert and merit
According to the weight and worthiness.

Scroop. So service shall with steeled sinews toil,
And labour shall refresh itself with hope,
To do your grace incessant services.

K. Hen. We judge no less. Uncle of Exeter,
Enlarge the man committed yesterday,
That rail'd against our person: we consider

21. **from hence**: the *from* is unnecessary and incorrect. Cf. II, ii, 177, 181.

40. **Enlarge** = release.

It was excess of wine that set him on;
And on his more advice we pardon him.
Scroop. That 's mercy, but too much security:
Let him be punish'd, sovereign, lest example
Breed, by his sufferance, more of such a kind.
K. Hen. O, let us yet be merciful.
Cam. So may your highness, and yet punish too.
Grey. Sir,
You show great mercy, if you give him life,
After the taste of much correction.
K. Hen. Alas, your too much love and care of me
Are heavy orisons 'gainst this poor wretch!
If little faults, proceeding on distemper,
Shall not be wink'd at, how shall we stretch our eye
When capital crimes, chew'd, swallow'd and digested,
Appear before us? We 'll yet enlarge that man,
Though Cambridge, Scroop and Grey, in their dear care
And tender preservation of our person,
Would have him punish'd. And now to our French causes:
Who are the late commissioners?
Cam. I one, my lord:
Your highness bade me ask for it to-day.
Scroop. So did you me, my liege.
Grey. And I, my royal sovereign.
K. Hen. Then, Richard Earl of Cambridge, there is yours;
There yours, Lord Scroop of Masham; and, sir knight,

43. **more advice** = second thoughts, reflection. W.
51. **correction**: four syllables. W.
54. **distemper** = drunkenness, as in *Hamlet*, III, ii, 314.
58. **dear** = extreme.
61. **late** = new. W.

Grey of Northumberland, this same is yours:
Read them, and know I know your worthiness.
My Lord of Westmoreland, and uncle Exeter,
We will aboard to-night. Why, how now, gentlemen!
What see you in those papers that you lose
So much complexion? Look ye, how they change!
Their cheeks are paper. Why, what read you there,
That hath so cowarded and chas'd your blood
Out of appearance?

Cam. I do confess my fault;
And do submit me to your highness' mercy.

Grey. } To which we all appeal.
Scroop. }

K. Hen. The mercy that was quick in us but late,
By your own counsel is suppress'd and kill'd:
You must not dare, for shame, to talk of mercy;
For your own reasons turn into your bosoms,
As dogs upon their masters, worrying you.
See you, my princes and my noble peers,
These English monsters! My Lord of Cambridge here,
You know how apt our love was to accord
To furnish him with all appertinents
Belonging to his honour; and this man
Hath, for a few light crowns, lightly conspir'd,
And sworn unto the practices of France,
To kill us here in Hampton: to the which
This knight, no less for bounty bound to us
Than Cambridge is, hath likewise sworn. But, O,
What shall I say to thee, Lord Scroop? thou cruel,
Ingrateful, savage and inhuman creature!
Thou that didst bear the key of all my counsels,

79. **quick** = alive.
86. **apt** = especially inclined.
90. **practices**: with a sinister, ill sense. W.

That knew'st the very bottom of my soul,
That almost mightst have coin'd me into gold,
Wouldst thou have practis'd on me for thy use,
May it be possible, that foreign hire
Could out of thee extract one spark of evil
That might annoy my finger? 't is so strange,
That, though the truth of it stands off as gross
As black and white, my eye will scarcely see it.
Treason and murder ever kept together,
As two yoke-devils sworn to either's purpose,
Working so grossly in a natural cause,
That admiration did not whoop at them:
But thou, 'gainst all proportion, didst bring in
Wonder to wait on treason and on murder:
And whatsoever cunning fiend it was
That wrought upon thee so preposterously
Hath got the voice in hell for excellence:
All other devils that suggest by treasons
Do botch and bungle up damnation
With patches, colours, and with forms being fetch'd
From glistering semblances of piety;
But he that temper'd thee bade thee stand up,
Gave thee no instance why thou shouldst do treason,
Unless to dub thee with the name of traitor.
If that same demon that hath gull'd thee thus
Should with his lion gait walk the whole world,
He might return to vasty Tartar back,

99. **practis'd on**: commonly with a bad meaning, as in l. 90. above.

108. **admiration** = wonder.

113. **got the voice** = become the first.

119. **instance** = pressing motive.

122. **his lion gait**: "seeking whom he may devour." 1 Peter v, 8. W.

123. **Tartar** = Tartarus.

And tell the legions I can never win
A soul so easy as that Englishman's.
O, how hast thou with jealousy infected
The sweetness of affiance! Show men dutiful?
Why, so didst thou: seem they grave and learned?
Why, so didst thou: come they of noble family?
Why, so didst thou: seem they religious?
Why, so didst thou: or are they spare in diet,
Free from gross passion or of mirth or anger,
Constant in spirit, not swerving with the blood,
Garnish'd and deck'd in modest complement,
Not working with the eye without the ear,
And but in purged judgement trusting neither?
Such and so finely bolted didst thou seem:
And thus thy fall hath left a kind of blot,
To mark the full-fraught man and best indued
With some suspicion. I will weep for thee;
For this revolt of thine, methinks, is like
Another fall of man. Their faults are open:
Arrest them to the answer of the law;
And God acquit them of their practices!

Exe. I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of Richard Earl of Cambridge:

I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of Henry Lord Scroop of Masham:

I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of Thomas Grey, knight, of Northumberland.

Scroop. Our purposes God justly hath discover'd;
And I repent my fault more than my death;
Which I beseech your highness to forgive,
Although my body pay the price of it.

134. complement = an outward appearance corresponding to their minds.

Cam. For me, the gold of France did not seduce:
Although I did admit it as a motive
The sooner to effect what I intended:
But God be thanked for prevention;
Which I in sufferance heartily will rejoice,
Beseeching God and you to pardon me.
Grey. Never did faithful subject more rejoice
At the discovery of most dangerous treason
Than I do at this hour joy o'er myself,
Prevented from a damned enterprise:
My fault, but not my body, pardon, sovereign.
K. Hen. God quit you in his mercy! Hear your sentence.
You have conspir'd against our royal person.
Join'd with an enemy proclaim'd and from his coffers
Received the golden earnest of our death;
Wherein you would have sold your king to slaughter,
His princes and his peers to servitude,
His subjects to oppression and contempt
And his whole kingdom into desolation.
Touching our person seek we no revenge;
But we our kingdom's safety must so tender,
Whose ruin you have sought, that to her laws
We do deliver you. Get you therefore hence,
Poor miserable wretches, to your death:
The taste whereof, God of his mercy give
You patience to endure, and true repentance
Of all your dear offences! Bear them hence.

[*Exeunt Cambridge, Scroop, and Grey, guarded.*

Now, lords, for France; the enterprise whereof
Shall be to you, as us, like glorious.
We doubt not of a fair and lucky war,
Since God so graciously hath brought to light

169. **earnest** = a preliminary payment.

This dangerous treason lurking in our way
To hinder our beginnings. We doubt not now
But every rub is smoothed on our way.
Then forth, dear countrymen: let us deliver
Our puissance into the hand of God,
Putting it straight in expedition.
Cheerly to sea; the signs of war advance:
No king of England, if not king of France. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *London. Before a tavern.*

Enter PISTOL, Hostess, NYM, BARDOLPH, *and* Boy.

Host. Prithee, honey-sweet husband, let me bring thee to Staines.

Pist. No; for my manly heart doth yearn.
Bardolph, be blithe: Nym, rouse thy vaunting veins:
Boy, bristle thy courage up; for Falstaff he is dead,
And we must yearn therefore.

Bard. Would I were with him, wheresome'er he is, either in heaven or in hell!

Host. Nay, sure, he's not in hell: he's in Arthur's bosom, if ever man went to Arthur's bosom. A' made a finer end and went away an it had been any christom child; a' parted even just between twelve and one, even at the turning o' th' tide: for after I saw him fumble with the sheets and play with flowers and smile upon his fingers' ends, I knew there was but one way; for his nose was as sharp as a pen, and a' babbled of green fields. "How now, Sir John!" quoth I: "what, man! be o' good cheer." So a' cried out "God, God, God!" three or four times. Now I,

1. **bring** = go along with.
9. **Arthur's**: a vague recollection of Abraham's.
16. **a' babbled of green fields.** This is an emendation; the original reading is "a table of green fields."

to comfort him, bid him a' should not think of God; I hop'd there was no need to trouble himself with any such thoughts yet. So a' bade me lay more clothes on his feet: I put my hand into the bed and felt them, and they were as cold as any stone; then I felt to his knees, and they were as cold as any stone, and so up'ard and up'ard, and all was as cold as any stone.

Nym. They say he cried out of sack.

Host. Ay, that a' did.

Bard. And of women.

Host. Nay, that a' did not.

Boy. Yes, that a' did; and said they were devils incarnate.

Host. A' could never abide carnation; 't was a colour he never lik'd.

Boy. A' said once, the Devil would have him about women.

Host. A' did in some sort, indeed, handle women; but then he was rheumatic, and talk'd of the whore of Babylon.

Boy. Do you not remember, a' saw a flea stick upon Bardolph's nose, and a' said it was a black soul burning in hell-fire?

Bard. Well, the fuel is gone that maintain'd that fire: that's all the riches I got in his service.

Nym. Shall we shog? the King will be gone from Southampton.

Pist. Come, let 's away. My love, give me thy lips.
Look to my chattels and my movables:
Let senses rule; the word is "Pitch and Pay:"

38. rheumatic: this word, which is to be accented on the first syllable, is the quondam Mrs. Quickly's substitute for *lunatic*. W.

Trust none;
For oaths are straws, men's faiths are wafer-cakes,
And hold-fast is the only dog, my duck:
Therefore, *Caveto* be thy counsellor.
Go, clear thy crystals. Yoke-fellows in arms,
Let us to France; like horse-leeches, my boys,
To suck, to suck, the very blood to suck!

Boy. And that 's but unwholesome food, they say.

Pist. Touch her soft mouth, and march.

Bard. Farewell, hostess. [*Kissing her.*

Nym. I cannot kiss, that is the humour of it; but, adieu.

Pist. Let housewifery appear: keep close, I thee command.

Host. Farewell; adieu. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *France. The* KING'S *Palace.*

Flourish. Enter the FRENCH KING, *the* DAUPHIN, *the* DUKES OF BERRI *and* BRETAGNE, *the* CONSTABLE, *and others.*

Fr. King. Thus comes the English with full power upon us;
And more than carefully it us concerns
To answer royally in our defences.
Therefore the Dukes of Berri and of Bretagne,
Of Brabant and of Orleans, shall make forth,
And you, Prince Dolphin, with all swift dispatch,
To line and new repair our towns of war
With men of courage and with means defendant;
For England his approaches makes as fierce
As waters to the sucking of a gulf.

53. **Caveto** = beware. (Lat.) W.

7. **To line** = to strengthen. W.

10. **gulf** means here something like a maelstrom which sucks in waters. Cf. IV, iii, 82.

It fits us then to be as provident
As fear may teach us out of late examples
Left by the fatal and neglected English
Upon our fields.

Dau. My most redoubted father,
It is most meet we arm us 'gainst the foe;
For peace itself should not so dull a kingdom,
Though war nor no known quarrel were in question,
But that defences, musters, preparations,
Should be maintain'd, assembled and collected,
As were a war in expectation.
Therefore, I say 't is meet we all go forth
To view the sick and feeble parts of France:
And let us do it with no show of fear;
No, with no more than if we heard that England
Were busied with a Whitsun morris-dance:
For, my good liege, she is so idly king'd,
Her sceptre so fantastically borne
By a vain, giddy, shallow, humorous youth,
That fear attends her not.

Con. O peace, Prince Dolphin!
You are too much mistaken in this king:
Question your grace the late ambassadors,
With what great state he heard their embassy,
How well supplied with noble counsellors,
How modest in exception, and withal
How terrible in constant resolution,
And you shall find his vanities forespent

25. **morris-dance**: a dance in which the performers were dressed in fantastic costumes and assumed fantastic characters. W.

27. **fantastically**; i. e. as by one ruled by fancy or fantasy or, as in the next line, the humour of any moment.

30. This slight difference of opinion indicates real factions at the French court.

Were but the outside of the Roman Brutus,
Covering discretion with a coat of folly;
As gardeners do with ordure hide those roots
That shall first spring and be most delicate.
Dau. Well, 't is not so, my Lord High Constable;
But though we think it so, it is no matter:
In cases of defence 't is best to weigh
The enemy more mighty than he seems:
So the proportions of defence are fill'd;
Which of a weak and niggardly projection
Doth, like a miser, spoil his coat with scanting
A little cloth.
Fr. King. Think we King Harry strong;
And, princes, look you strongly arm to meet him.
The kindred of him hath been flesh'd upon us;
And he is bred out of that bloody strain
That haunted us in our familiar paths:
Witness our too much memorable shame
When Cressy battle fatally was struck,
And all our princes captiv'd by the hand
Of that black name, Edward, Black Prince of Wales;
Whiles that his mountain sire, on mountain standing,
Up in the air, crown'd with the golden sun,
Saw his heroical seed, and smil'd to see him,
Mangle the work of nature and deface
The patterns that by God and by French fathers
Had twenty years been made. This is a stem
Of that victorious stock; and let us fear
The native mightiness and fate of him.

50. **The kindred of him**, etc. = members of his family have preyed upon us. W.
57. Cf. I, ii, 108.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Ambassadors from Harry King of England
Do crave admittance to your majesty.

Fr. King. We 'll give them present audience. Go, and bring them. [*Exeunt Messenger and certain Lords.*
You see this chase is hotly follow'd, friends.

Dau. Turn head, and stop pursuit; for coward dogs
Most spend their mouths when what they seem to threaten
Runs far before them. Good my sovereign,
Take up the English short, and let them know
Of what a monarchy you are the head:
Self-love, my liege, is not so vile a sin
As self-neglecting.

Re-enter Lords, *with* EXETER *and train.*

Fr. King. From our brother England?

Exe. From him; and thus he greets your majesty.
He wills you, in the name of God Almighty,
That you divest yourself, and lay apart
The borrow'd glories that by gift of heaven,
By law of nature and of nations, 'long
To him and to his heirs; namely, the crown
And all wide-stretched honours that pertain
By custom and the ordinance of times
Unto the crown of France. That you may know
'T is no sinister nor no awkward claim,
Pick'd from the worm-holes of long-vanish'd days,
Nor from the dust of old oblivion rak'd,
He sends you this most memorable line,
In every branch truly demonstrative;
Willing you overlook this pedigree;
And when you find him evenly deriv'd
From his most famed of famous ancestors,

90. **overlook**; not in the modern sense.

Edward the Third, he bids you then resign
Your crown and kingdom, indirectly held
From him the native and true challenger.
Fr. King. Or else what follows?
Exe. Bloody constraint; for if you hide the crown
Even in your hearts, there will he rake for it:
Therefore in fierce tempest is he coming,
In thunder and in earthquake, like a Jove,
That, if requiring fail, he will compel;
And bids you, in the bowels of the Lord,
Deliver up the crown, and to take mercy
On the poor souls for whom this hungry war
Opens his vasty jaws; and on your head
Turning the widows' tears, the orphans' cries,
The dead men's blood, the pining maidens' groans,
For husbands, fathers and betrothed lovers,
That shall be swallow'd in this controversy.
This is his claim, his threatening and my message;
Unless the Dolphin be in presence here,
To whom expressly I bring greeting too.
Fr. King. For us, we will consider of this further:
To-morrow shall you bear our full intent
Back to our brother England.
Dau. For the Dolphin,
I stand here for him: what to him from England?
Exe. Scorn and defiance; slight regard, contempt,
And any thing that may not misbecome
The mighty sender, doth he prize you at.
Thus says my king; an if your father's highness
Do not, in grant of all demands at large,
Sweeten the bitter mock you sent his majesty,
He 'll call you to so hot an answer of it,

102. **in the bowels of the Lord**: taken right out of Holinshed. W.

That caves and womby vaultages of France
Shall chide your trespass and return your mock
In second accent of his ordinance.

Dau. Say, if my father render fair return,
It is against my will; for I desire
Nothing but odds with England: to that end,
As matching to his youth and vanity,
I did present him with the Paris balls.

Exe. He 'll make your Paris Louvre shake for it,
Were it the mistress-court of mighty Europe:
And, be assur'd, you 'll find a difference,
As we his subjects have in wonder found,
Between the promise of his greener days
And these he masters now: now he weighs time
Even to the utmost grain: that you shall read
In your own losses, if he stay in France.

Fr. King. To-morrow shall you know our mind at full.

Exe. Dispatch us with all speed, lest that our king
Come here himself to question our delay;
For he is footed in this land already.

Fr. King. You shall be soon dispatch'd with fair conditions:
A night is but small breath and little pause
To answer matters of this consequence.

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

124. **womby** = cavernous.

126. **ordinance** = ordnance; rhythm requires the older trisyllabic form. W.

ACT III

PROLOGUE

Enter Chorus.

Chor. Thus with imagin'd wing our swift scene flies
In motion of no less celerity
Than that of thought. Suppose that you have seen
The well-appointed king at Hampton pier
Embark his royalty; and his brave fleet
With silken streamers the young Phœbus fanning:
Play with your fancies, and in them behold
Upon the hempen tackle ship-boys climbing;
Hear the shrill whistle which doth order give
To sounds confus'd; behold the threaden sails,
Borne with the invisible and creeping wind,
Draw the huge bottoms through the furrow'd sea,
Breasting the lofty surge: O, do but think
You stand upon the rivage and behold
A city on the inconstant billows dancing;
For so appears this fleet majestical,
Holding due course to Harfleur. Follow, follow:
Grapple your minds to sternage of this navy,
And leave your England, as dead midnight still,

Prologue. This prologue gives us a fine description of what could not have been presented on Shakespeare's stage, — the embarkation of the King and his army, and the state of England left behind. We have a good example of Elizabethan poetry in place of what in a modern play might easily be spectacular realism.

9. **whistle** of the boatswain.

14. **rivage** = bank. (Fr.) W.

18. **sternage**: possibly we should read *steerage*, but more probably there is a suggestion of the general notion of following the fleet, in thought. W.

Guarded with grandsires, babies and old women,
Either past or not arriv'd to pith and puissance;
For who is he, whose chin is but enrich'd
With one appearing hair, that will not follow
These cull'd and choice-drawn cavaliers to France?
Work, work your thoughts, and therein see a siege;
Behold the ordnance on their carriages,
With fatal mouths gaping on girded Harfleur.
Suppose the ambassador from the French comes back;
Tells Harry that the King doth offer him
Katharine his daughter, and with her, to dowry,
Some petty and unprofitable dukedoms.
The offer likes not: and the nimble gunner
With linstock now the devilish cannon touches,

[*Alarum, and chambers go off.*

And down goes all before them. Still be kind,
And eke out our performance with your mind. [*Exit.*

SCENE I. *France. Before Harfleur.*

Alarum. Enter KING HENRY, EXETER, BEDFORD, GLOUCESTER, *and* Soldiers, *with scaling-ladders.*

K. Hen. Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more;
Or close the wall up with our English dead.
In peace there 's nothing so becomes a man
As modest stillness and humility:
But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
Then imitate the action of the tiger;
Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,
Disguise fair nature with hard-favour'd rage;

20. It appears that there were more.
27. **girded** by besieging forces.
33. **linstock** = port-fire. W.
35. **mind**; i. e. by the imagination.

Then lend the eye a terrible aspect;
Let it pry through the portage of the head
Like the brass cannon; let the brow o'erwhelm it
As fearfully as doth a galled rock
O'erhang and jutty his confounded base,
Swill'd with the wild and wasteful ocean.
Now set the teeth and stretch the nostril wide,
Hold hard the breath and bend up every spirit
To his full height. On, on, you noblest English,
Whose blood is fet from fathers of war-proof!
Fathers that, like so many Alexanders,
Have in these parts from morn till even fought
And sheath'd their swords for lack of argument:
Dishonour not your mothers; now attest
That those whom you call'd fathers did beget you.
Be copy now to men of grosser blood,
And teach them how to war. And you, good yeomen,
Whose limbs were made in England, show us here
The mettle of your pasture; let us swear
That you are worth your breeding; which I doubt not;
For there is none of you so mean and base,
That hath not noble lustre in your eyes.
I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
Straining upon the start. The game's afoot:
Follow your spirit, and upon this charge
Cry "God for Harry, England, and Saint George!"

[*Exeunt. Alarum, and chambers go off.*

9. **aspect**: accented on the last syllable. W.
10. **portage** = carriage.
11. **let . . . it**; i. e. frown.
13. **confounded** = ruined.
14. **wasteful** = desert.
18. **fet** = fetched. O. E. form. W.
24. **copy** = example.
27. **mettle**. Cf. III, v, 15, 29.

SCENE II. *The same.*

Enter NYM, BARDOLPH, PISTOL, *and* Boy.

Bard. On, on, on, on, on! to the breach, to the breach!

Nym. Pray thee, corporal, stay: the knocks are too hot; and, for mine own part, I have not a case of lives: the humour of it is too hot, that is the very plain-song of it.

Pist. The plain-song is most just; for humours do abound:

Knocks go and come; God's vassals droop and die:
And sword and shield,
In bloody field,
Doth win immortal fame.

Boy. Would I were in an alehouse in London! I would give all my fame for a pot of ale and safety.

Pist. And I:

If wishes would prevail with me,
My purpose should not fail with me,
But thither would I hie.

Boy. As duly, but not as truly,
As bird doth sing on bough.

Enter FLUELLEN.

Flu. Up to the preach, you dogs! avaunt, you cullions! [*Driving them forward.*

4. **case** = a box, half a dozen, referring to cases in which knives, spoons, etc., were kept. W.

5. **plain-song** = a simple melody or theme.

8. **Knocks go and come**, etc. Pistol's rhymes are quoted from some lost ballad or ballads. The Boy's speech, line 18, may be so likewise; but more probably it is the fruit of his own ready, saucy wit. W.

20. **preach**. Fluellen's dialect is worth study. It will be observed that it consists almost entirely in substituting voiceless consonants for voiced at the beginning of a word, as *p* for *b*, as here, *f* for *v*, etc.

21. **cullions** = boobies, gulls. W.

Pist. Be merciful, great Duke, to men of mould.
Abate thy rage, abate thy manly rage,
Abate thy rage, great Duke!
Good bawcock, bate thy rage; use lenity, sweet chuck!

Nym. These be good humours! your honour wins bad humours. [*Exeunt all but Boy.*

Boy. As young as I am, I have observ'd these three swashers. I am boy to them all three: but all they three, though they would serve me, could not be man to me; for indeed three such antics do not amount to a man. For Bardolph, he is white-liver'd and red-fac'd; by the means whereof a' faces it out, but fights not. For Pistol, he hath a killing tongue and a quiet sword; by the means whereof a' breaks words, and keeps whole weapons. For Nym, he hath heard that men of few words are the best men; and therefore he scorns to say his prayers, lest a' should be thought a coward: but his few bad words are match'd with as few good deeds; for a' never broke any man's head but his own, and that was against a post when he was drunk. They will steal any thing, and call it purchase. Bardolph stole a lute-case, bore it twelve leagues, and sold it for three half-pence. Nym and Bardolph are sworn brothers in filching, and in Calais they stole a fire-shovel: I knew by that piece of service the men would carry coals. They would have me as familiar with men's pockets as their gloves or their handkerchers: which makes much against my manhood, if I should take from another's pocket to put into mine; for it is plain pocketing up of wrongs. I

22. **mould** = earth: to ordinary men.
25. **bawcock** = beau cocq, IV, i, 44.
47. **carry coals** = perform the meanest services. W.

must leave them, and seek some better service: their villany goes against my weak stomach, and therefore I must cast it up. [*Exit.*

Re-enter FLUELLEN, GOWER *following.*

Gow. Captain Fluellen, you must come presently to the mines; the Duke of Gloucester would speak with you.

Flu. To the mines! tell you the Duke, it is not so good to come to the mines; for, look you, the mines is not according to the disciplines of the war: the concavities of it is not sufficient; for, look you, th' athversary, you may discuss unto the Duke, look you, is digt himself four yard unter the countermines: by Cheshu, I think a' will plow up all, if there is not petter directions.

Gow. The Duke of Gloucester, to whom the order of the siege is given, is altogether directed by an Irishman, a very valiant gentleman, i' faith.

Flu. It is Captain Macmorris, is it not?

Gow. I think it be.

Flu. By Cheshu, he is an ass, as in the worlt: I will ferify as much in his peard: he has no more directions in the true disciplines of the wars, look you, of the Roman disciplines, than is a puppy-dog.

Enter MACMORRIS *and* Captain JAMY.

Gow. Here a' comes; and the Scots captain, Captain Jamy, with him.

52. **leave them**: he did stay with what was left of them till after Agincourt.

55. **presently** = at once.

56. **mines**: the means of approaching and sometimes destroying the enemies' fortification.

74. Fluellen, though a thoroughly brave man, was a little pedantic. See just below, ll. 79, 82, 97.

Flu. Captain Jamy is a marvellous falorous gentleman, that is certain; and of great expedition and knowledge in th' aunchient wars, upon my particular knowledge of his directions: by Cheshu, he will maintain his argument as well as any military man in the worlt, in the disciplines of the pristine wars of the Romans.

Jamy. I say gud-day, Captain Fluellen.

Flu. God-den to your worship, good Captain James.

Gow. How now, Captain Macmorris! have you quit the mines? have the pioners given o'er?

Mac. By Chrish, la! tish ill done: the work ish give over, the trompet sound the retreat. By my hand, I swear, and my father's soul, the work ish ill done; it ish give over: I would have blowed up the town, so Chrish save me, la! in an hour: O, tish ill done, tish ill done; by my hand, tish ill done!

Flu. Captain Macmorris, I peseech you now, will you voutsafe me, look you, a few disputations with you, as partly touching or concerning the disciplines of the war, the Roman wars, in the way of argument, look you, and friently communication; partly to satisfy my opinion, and partly for the satisfaction, look you, of my mind, as touching the direction of the military discipline; that is the point.

Jamy. It sall be vary gud, gud feith, gud captains baith: and I sall quit you with gud leve, as I may pick occasion; that sall I, marry.

Mac. It is no time to discourse, so Chrish save me: the day is hot, and the weather, and the wars, and the

88. Macmorris's dialect is only slightly indicated by substituting *sh* for *s*. Jamy, on the other hand, does just the opposite, as do Sir Walter Scott's Highlanders. He has also one or two other northern peculiarities, as baith for both.

King, and the dukes: it is no time to discourse. The town is beseech'd, and the trumpet call us to the breach; and we talk, and, be Chrish, do nothing: 't is shame for us all: so God sa' me, 't is shame to stand still; it is shame, by my hand: and there is throats to be cut, and works to be done; and there ish nothing done, so Chrish sa' me, la! 113

Jamy. By the mess, ere theise eyes of mine take themselves to slomber, ay 'll de gud service, or ay 'll lig i' th' grund for it; ay, or go to death; and ay 'll pay 't as valorously as I may, that sall I suerly do, that is the breff and the long. Marry, I wad full fain heard some question 'tween you tway. 119

Flu. Captain Macmorris, I think, look you, under your correction, there is not many of your nation —

Mac. Of my nation! What ish my nation? What ish my nation? Who talks of my nation ish a villain, and a bastard, and a knave, and a rascal.

Flu. Look you, if you take the matter otherwise than is meant, Captain Macmorris, peradventure I shall think you do not use me with that affability as in discretion you ought to use me, look you; being as goot a man as yourself, both in the disciplines of war, and in the terivation of my pirth, and in other particularities. 131

Mac. I do not know you so good a man as myself: so Chrish save me, I will cut off your head.

Gow. Gentlemen both, you will mistake each other.

Jamy. A! that 's a foul fault. [*A parley sounded.*

122. **What . . . nation?** Macmorris means that there is no question of different nations in the army.

135. **A.** This vowel is the Scotch exclamation *aw!* It had that pronunciation very commonly in S.'s day. W.

Gow. The town sounds a parley.

Flu. Captain Macmorris, when there is more better opportunity to be required, look you, I will be so bold as to tell you I know the disciplines of war; and there is an end. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The same. Before the gates.*

The Governor *and some* Citizens *on the walls; the English forces below. Enter* KING HENRY *and his train.*

K. Hen. How yet resolves the governor of the town?
This is the latest parle we will admit:
Therefore to our best mercy give yourselves;
Or like to men proud of destruction
Defy us to our worst: for, as I am a soldier,
A name that in my thoughts becomes me best,
If I begin the battery once again,
I will not leave the half-achiev'd Harfleur
Till in her ashes she lie buried.
The gates of mercy shall be all shut up,
And the flesh'd soldier, rough and hard of heart,
In liberty of bloody hand shall range
With conscience wide as hell, mowing like grass
Your fresh-fair virgins and your flowering infants.
What is it then to me, if impious war,
Array'd in flames like to the prince of fiends,
Do, with his smirch'd complexion, all fell feats
Enlink'd to waste and desolation?
What is 't to me, when you yourselves are cause,

2. parle = parley, as in *Hamlet*, I, i, 62.

7. battery = bombardment.

11. flesh'd: who has tasted blood, and whose animal passions are roused. W. If a town were taken by storm, the soldiers had full liberty afterwards to do as they pleased.

If your pure maidens fall into the hand
Of hot and forcing violation?
What rein can hold licentious wickedness
When down the hill he holds his fierce career?
We may as bootless spend our vain command
Upon th' enraged soldiers in their spoil
As send precepts to the leviathan
To come ashore. Therefore, you men of Harfleur,
Take pity of your town and of your people,
Whiles yet my soldiers are in my command;
Whiles yet the cool and temperate wind of grace
O'erblows the filthy and contagious clouds
Of heady murther, spoil and villany.
If not, why, in a moment look to see
The blind and bloody soldier with foul hand
Defile the locks of your shrill-shrieking daughters;
Your fathers taken by the silver beards,
And their most reverend heads dash'd to the walls,
Your naked infants spitted upon pikes,
Whiles the mad mothers with their howls confus'd
Do break the clouds, as did the wives of Jewry
At Herod's bloody-hunting slaughtermen.
What say you? will you yield, and this avoid,
Or, guilty in defence, be thus destroy'd?

Gov. Our expectation hath this day an end.
The Dolphin, whom of succours we entreated,
Returns us that his powers are yet not ready
To raise so great a siege. Therefore, great King,
We yield our town and lives to thy soft mercy.
Enter our gates; dispose of us and ours;
For we no longer are defensible.

26. **precepts** = orders, a law term: accented on second syllable. W. To draw the leviathan with mere precepts was more absurd than to draw him with a hook as in Job xli, 1.

K. Hen. Open your gates. Come, uncle Exeter,
Go you and enter Harfleur; there remain,
And fortify it strongly 'gainst the French:
Use mercy to them all. For us, dear uncle,
The winter coming on and sickness growing
Upon our soldiers, we will retire to Calais.
To-night in Harfleur we will be your guest;
To-morrow for the march are we addrest.

[*Flourish. The King and his train enter the town.*

SCENE IV. *The* FRENCH KING'S *palace.*

Enter KATHARINE *and* ALICE.

Kath. Alice, tu as été en Angleterre, et tu parles bien le langage.

Alice. Un peu, madame.

Kath. Je te prie, m'enseignez; il faut que j'apprenne à parler. Comment appelez-vous la main en Anglois?

Alice. La main? elle est appelée de hand.

Kath. De hand. Et les doigts?

Alice. Les doigts? ma foi, j'oublie les doigts; mais je me souviendrai. Les doigts? je pense qu'ils sont appelés de fingres; oui, de fingres. 11

56. **retire**: a map will show the course of this retreat.

Scene IV. It is of course impossible to present here a translation of this amusing scene. The princess is represented as preparing herself for the conquest of Henry, and she engages her waiting gentlewoman to teach her English. Prefiguring Ollendorf, S. has her taught to say hand, fingers, nails, arm, elbow, neck, and chin, which Alice tells her she pronounces as well as an Englishwoman born. She then finds out that the English for *pied* is foot, and for *robe* gown, or, as Alice pronounces it, *coun*; with a misapprehension of which words the lesson ends. The scene is printed in the folio with a notable approach to correctness; and I suspect that S. was assisted in its composition and elsewhere in this play by a better French scholar than himself. W.

Kath. La main, de hand; les doigts, de fingres. Je pense que je suis le bon écolier; j'ai gagné deux mots d'Anglois vîtement. Comment appelez-vous les ongles?

Alice. Les ongles? nous les appelons de nails.

Kath. De nails. Ecoutez; dites-moi, si je parle bien: de hand, de fingres, et de nails.

Alice. C'est bien dit, madame; il est fort bon Anglois.

Kath. Dites-moi l'Anglois pour le bras.

Alice. De arm, madame.

Kath. Et le coude?

Alice. De elbow.

Kath. De elbow. Je m'en fais la répétition de tous les mots que vous m'avez appris dès à présent.

Alice. Il est trop difficile, madame, comme je pense.

Kath. Excusez-moi, Alice; écoutez: de hand, de fingres, de nails, de arma, de bilbow.

Alice. De elbow, madame.

Kath. O Seigneur Dieu, je m'en oublie! de elbow. Comment appelez-vous le col? —

Alice. De neck, madame.

Kath. De nick. Et le menton? —

Alice. De chin.

Kath. De sin. Le col, de nick; le menton, de sin.

Alice. Oui. Sauf votre honneur, en vérité, vous prononcez les mots aussi droit que les natifs d'Angleterre.

Kath. Je ne doute point d'apprendre, par la grace de Dieu, et en peu de temps.

Alice. N'avez vous pas déjà oublié ce que je vous ai enseigné?

Kath. Non, je reciterai à vous promptement: de hand, de fingres, de mails, —

Alice. De nails, madame.

Kath. De nails, de arm, de ilbow.

Alice. Sauf votre honneur, de elbow.

Kath. Ainsi dis-je; de elbow, de nick, et de sin. Comment appelez-vous le pied et la robe?

Alice. De foot, madame; et de coun.

Kath. De foot et de coun! O Seigneur Dieu! ce sont mots de son mauvais, corruptible, gros, et impudique, et non pour les dames d'honneur d'user: je ne voudrais prononcer ces mots devant les seigneurs de France pour tout le monde. Foh! le foot et le coun! Néanmoins, je reciterai une autre fois ma leçon ensemble: de hand, de fingres, de nails, de arm, de elbow, de nick, de sin, de foot, de coun.

Alice. Excellent, madame!

Kath. C'est assez pour une fois: allons-nous à dîner. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *The same.*

Enter the KING OF FRANCE, *the* DAUPHIN, *the* DUKE OF BOURBON, *the* CONSTABLE OF FRANCE, *and others.*

Fr. King. 'T is certain he hath pass'd the river Somme.

Con. And if he be not fought withal, my lord,
Let us not live in France; let us quit all
And give our vineyards to a barbarous people.

Dau. *O Dieu vivant!* shall a few sprays of us,
The emptying of our fathers' luxury,
Our scions, put in wild and savage stock,
Spurt up so suddenly into the clouds,
And overlook their grafters?

4. **a barbarous people.** Even in S.'s day the French, the Italians, and the Spaniards regarded the English as semi-barbarians. W.

Bour. Normans, but bastard Normans, Norman bastards!
Mort de ma vie! if they march along
Unfought withal, but I will sell my dukedom,
To buy a slobbery and a dirty farm
In that nook-shotten isle of Albion.
Con. *Dieu de batailles!* where have they this mettle?
Is not their climate foggy, raw and dull,
On whom, as in despite, the sun looks pale,
Killing their fruit with frowns? Can sodden water,
A drench for sur-rein'd jades, their barley-broth,
Decoct their cold blood to such valiant heat?
And shall our quick blood, spirited with wine,
Seem frosty? O, for honour of our land,
Let us not hang like roping icicles
Upon our houses' thatch, whiles a more frosty people
Sweat drops of gallant youth in our rich fields!
Poor we may call them in their native lords.
Dau. By faith and honour,
Our madams mock at us, and plainly say
Our mettle is bred out and they will give
Their bodies to the lust of English youth
To new-store France with bastard warriors.
Bour. They bid us to the English dancing-schools,
And teach lavoltas high and swift corantos;
Saying our grace is only in our heels,
And that we are most lofty runaways.

14. **nook-shotten**: strangely means either cut up into nooks and corners, or set off in a corner by itself; and strangely either meaning is here applicable. W.

19. **sur-rein'd** = over-ridden. W.

33. **lavoltas . . . corantos** = two very lively Italian dances. W.

Fr. King. Where is Montjoy the herald? speed him hence:
Let him greet England with our sharp defiance.
Up, princes! and, with spirit of honour edg'd
More sharper than your swords, hie to the field:
Charles Delabreth, High Constable of France;
You Dukes of Orleans, Bourbon, and of Berri,
Alençon, Brabant, Bar, and Burgundy;
Jaques Chatillon, Rambures, Vaudemont,
Beaumont, Grandpré, Roussi, and Fauconberg,
Foix, Lestrale, Bouciqualt, and Charolois;
High dukes, great princes, barons, lords and knights,
For your great seats now quit you of great shames.
Bar Harry England, that sweeps through our land
With pennons painted in the blood of Harfleur:
Rush on his host, as doth the melted snow
Upon the valleys, whose low vassal seat
The Alps doth spit and void his rheum upon:
Go down upon him, you have power enough,
And in a captive chariot into Rouen
Bring him our prisoner.

Con. This becomes the great.
Sorry am I his numbers are so few,
His soldiers sick and famish'd in their march,
For I am sure, when he shall see our army,
He 'll drop his heart into the sink of fear
And for achievement offer us his ransom.

40. **Charles Delabreth.** So Holinshed. The name is D'Albret. S. took the names as he found them in Holinshed, and it is well for us to be content with them. W. The enumeration of the killed and prisoners at Agincourt, IV, viii, 69–95, accounts for almost all these gentlemen.

47. **For . . . shames.** The greater their possessions the greater the shame in allowing the English in the land.

Fr. King. Therefore, Lord Constable, haste on Montjoy,
And let him say to England that we send
To know what willing ransom he will give.
Prince Dolphin, you shall stay with us in Rouen.

Dau. Not so, I do beseech your majesty.

Fr. King. Be patient, for you shall remain with us.
Now forth, Lord Constable and princes all,
And quickly bring us word of England's fall. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *The English camp in Picardy.*

Enter GOWER *and* FLUELLEN, *meeting.*

Gow. How now, Captain Fluellen! come you from the bridge?

Flu. I assure you, there is very excellent services committed at the pridge.

Gow. Is the Duke of Exeter safe?

Flu. The Duke of Exeter is as magnanimous as Agamemnon; and a man that I love and honour with my soul, and my heart, and my duty, and my life, and my living, and my uttermost power: he is not — Got pe praised and blessed! — any hurt in the world; but keeps the pridge most faliantly, with excellent discipline. There is an aunchient lieutenant there at the pridge, I think in my very conscience he is as faliant a man as Mark Antony; and he is a man of no estimation in the world; but I did see him do as gallant service.

2. **the bridge**: an historical incident. The bridge was over the Ternois, on the road to Calais. The French attempted to break it down, but Henry seized, held, and crossed it. W.

6. **magnanimous** = high-spirited.

7. **Agamemnon**: notice Fluellen's classical comparisons, Agamemnon and Antony in this scene, Alexander in IV, vii.

15. **service**: just what kind of service we may judge from IV, iv. Fluellen learns to judge more accurately later. Cf. V, i.

Gow. What do you call him?

Flu. He is called Aunchient Pistol.

Gow. I know him not.

Enter Pistol.

Flu. Here is the man.

Pist. Captain, I thee beseech to do me favours:
The Duke of Exeter doth love thee well.

Flu. Ay, I praise Got; and I have merited some love at his hands.

Pist. Bardolph, a soldier, firm and sound of heart,
And of buxom valour, hath, by cruel fate,
And giddy Fortune's furious fickle wheel,
That goddess blind,
That stands upon the rolling restless stone —

Flu. By your patience, Aunchient Pistol. Fortune is painted plind, with a muffler afore her eyes, to signify to you that Fortune is plind; and she is painted also with a wheel, to signify to you, which is the moral of it, that she is turning, and inconstant, and mutability, and fariation; and her foot, look you, is fixed upon a spherical stone, which rolls, and rolls, and rolls: in good truth, the poet makes a most excellent description of it: Fortune is an excellent moral.

Pist. Fortune is Bardolph's foe, and frowns on him;
For he hath stolen a pax, and hanged must a' be:
A damned death!
Let gallows gape for dogs; let man go free
And let not hemp his wind-pipe suffocate:

33. **moral** = moral lesson. Cf. IV, i, 12.

40. **stolen a pax**: an historical incident. It was, however, a pix, a vessel for the consecrated wafer, that was stolen. Henry hanged the thief out of hand. W.

But Exeter hath given the doom of death
For pax of little price.
Therefore, go speak: the Duke will hear thy voice;
And let not Bardolph's vital thread be cut
With edge of penny cord and vile reproach:
Speak, captain, for his life, and I will thee requite.

Flu. Aunchient Pistol, I do partly understand your meaning. 51

Pist. Why then, rejoice therefore.

Flu. Certainly, aunchient, it is not a thing to rejoice at: for if, look you, he were my brother, I would desire the Duke to use his good pleasure, and put him to execution; for discipline ought to be us'd.

Pist. Die and be damn'd! and *figo* for thy friendship!

Flu. It is well.

Pist. The fig of Spain. [*Exit.*

Flu. Fery good. 60

Gow. Why, this is an arrant counterfeit rascal; I remember him now; a bawd, a cutpurse.

Flu. I 'll assure you, a' utt'red as prave words at the pridge as you shall see in a summer's day. But it is fery well; what he has spoke to me, that is well, I warrant you, when time is serve.

Gow. Why, 't is a gull, a fool, a rogue, that now and then goes to the wars, to grace himself at his return into London under the form of a soldier. And such fellows are perfect in the great commanders' names; and they will learn you by rote where services were done; at such and such a sconce, at such a breach, at such a convoy; who came off bravely, who was shot, who disgrac'd, what terms the enemy

57. **figo** = a fig. W.
72. **sconce**: a slight fortification.

stood on; and this they con perfectly in the phrase of war, which they trick up with new-tuned oaths: and what a beard of the general's cut and a horrid suit of the camp will do among foaming bottles and ale-wash'd wits, is wonderful to be thought on. But you must learn to know such slanders of the age, or else you may be marvellously mistook. 81

Flu. I tell you what, Captain Gower; I do perceive he is not the man that he would gladly make show to the world he is: if I find a hole in his coat, I will tell him my mind. [*Drum heard.*] Hark you, the King is coming, and I must speak with him from the pridge.

Drum and colours. Enter KING HENRY, GLOUCESTER, *and* Soldiers.

God pless your majesty!

K. Hen. How now, Fluellen! cam'st thou from the bridge? 90

Flu. Ay, so please your majesty. The Duke of Exeter has very gallantly maintained the pridge: the French is gone off, look you; and there is gallant and most prave passages; marry, th' athversary was have possession of the pridge; but he is enforced to retire, and the Duke of Exeter is master of the pridge: I can tell your majesty, the Duke is a prave man.

K. Hen. What men have you lost, Fluellen? 98

Flu. The perdition of th' athversary hath been very great, reasonable great: marry, for my part, I think the Duke hath lost never a man, but one that is like to be executed for robbing a church, one Bardolph, if your majesty know the man: his face is all bubukles, and whelks, and knobs, and flames o' fire: and his

84. **if . . . coat**: if I can find fault with him.
94. **was have** = had.
99. **perdition**: Fluellen's pedantry.

lips blows at his nose, and it is like a coal of fire, sometimes plue and sometimes red; but his nose is executed, and his fire 's out. 107

K. Hen. We would have all such offenders so cut off: and we give express charge, that in our marches through the country, there be nothing compell'd from the villages, nothing taken but paid for, none of the French upbraided or abused in disdainful language; for when lenity and cruelty play for a kingdom, the gentler gamester is the soonest winner.

Tucket. Enter MONTJOY.

Mont. You know me by my habit.

K. Hen. Well then I know thee: what shall I know of thee?

Mont. My master's mind.

K. Hen. Unfold it. 119

Mont. Thus says my King: Say thou to Harry of England: Though we seem'd dead, we did but sleep: advantage is a better soldier than rashness. Tell him we could have rebuk'd him at Harfleur, but that we thought not good to bruise an injury till it were full ripe: now we speak upon our cue, and our voice is imperial: England shall repent his folly, see his weakness, and admire our sufferance. Bid him therefore consider of his ransom; which must proportion the losses we have borne, the subjects we have lost, the disgrace we have digested; which in weight to re-answer, his pettiness would bow under. For our losses, his exchequer is too poor; for the effusion of our blood, the muster of his kingdom too faint a number; and for our disgrace, his own person, kneeling at our

115. **habit**: the herald's tabard was blazoned with his special insignia.

126. **England** = the King of England. Cf. II, Prol. 20.

feet, but a weak and worthless satisfaction. To this add defiance: and tell him, for conclusion, he hath betrayed his followers, whose condemnation is pronounc'd. So far my King and master; so much my office.

K. Hen. What is thy name? I know thy quality.

Mont. Montjoy.

K. Hen. Thou dost thy office fairly. Turn thee back,
And tell thy King I do not seek him now;
But could be willing to march on to Calais
Without impeachment: for, to say the sooth,
Though 't is no wisdom to confess so much
Unto an enemy of craft and vantage,
My people are with sickness much enfeebled,
My numbers lessen'd, and those few I have
Almost no better than so many French;
Who when they were in health, I tell thee, herald,
I thought upon one pair of English legs
Did march three Frenchmen. Yet, forgive me, God,
That I do brag thus! This your air of France
Hath blown that vice in me; I must repent.
Go therefore, tell thy master here I am;
My ransom is this frail and worthless trunk,
My army but a weak and sickly guard;
Yet, God before, tell him we will come on,
Though France himself and such another neighbour
Stand in our way. There 's for thy labour, Montjoy.

139. **office** = special duty, as in l. 142.

140. **quality** = profession. Henry knew him to be the French herald from his tabard.

159. **God before** = God leading and aiding. Henry was always very devout and God-glorifying. W.

Go, bid thy master well advise himself:
If we may pass, we will; if we be hinder'd,
We shall your tawny ground with your red blood
Discolour: and so, Montjoy, fare you well.
The sum of all our answer is but this:
We would not seek a battle, as we are;
Nor, as we are, we say we will not shun it:
So tell your master. 169

Mont. I shall deliver so. Thanks to your highness. [*Exit.*

Glou. I hope they will not come upon us now.

K. Hen. We are in God's hand, brother, not in theirs.

March to the bridge; it now draws toward night:
Beyond the river we 'll encamp ourselves,
And on to-morrow bid them march away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. *The French camp, near Agincourt.*

Enter the CONSTABLE OF FRANCE, *the* LORD RAMBURES, ORLEANS, DAUPHIN, *with others.*

Con. Tut! I have the best armour of the world. Would it were day!

Orl. You have an excellent armour; but let my horse have his due.

Con. It is the best horse of Europe.

Orl. Will it never be morning?

164. **your tawny ground**, etc.: taken right out of Holinshed: "and yet I wish not anie of you so unadvised, as to be the occasion that I die your tawnie ground with your red bloud;" and Holinshed took it from the preceding chronicler, Hall. W.

Scene VII. This scene gives us excellently the difference between talking and doing. The French in their talk of their armor and horses are most effective, especially the Dauphin; his only match in the English army is Pistol.

Dau. My Lord of Orleans, and my Lord High Constable, you talk of horse and armour?

Orl. You are as well provided of both as any prince in the world.

Dau. What a long night is this! I will not change my horse with any that treads but on four pasterns. *Ça, ha!* he bounds from the earth, as if his entrails were hairs; *le cheval volant*, the Pegasus, *chez les narines de feu!* When I bestride him, I soar, I am a hawk: he trots the air; the earth sings when he touches it; the basest horn of his hoof is more musical than the pipe of Hermes.

Orl. He 's of the colour of the nutmeg.

Dau. And of the heat of the ginger. It is a beast for Perseus: he is pure air and fire; and the dull elements of earth and water never appear in him, but only in patient stillness while his rider mounts him: he is indeed a horse; and all other jades you may call beasts.

Con. Indeed, my lord, it is a most absolute and excellent horse.

Dau. It is the prince of palfreys; his neigh is like the bidding of a monarch and his countenance enforces homage.

Orl. No more, cousin.

Dau. Nay, the man hath no wit that cannot, from the rising of the lark to the lodging of the lamb, vary deserved praise on my palfrey: it is a theme as fluent

13. **entrails were hairs.** Tennis balls were stuffed with hair. **le cheval volant** = the flying horse. **chez les narines de feu** = with fire-breathing nostrils. W.

21. **Perseus**: son of Danaë by Jupiter. He had winged sandals, and in the literature just preceding S.'s day, his ship was called his flying horse. W.

26. **absolute** = perfect, unexceptionable. W.

as the sea: turn the sands into eloquent tongues, and my horse is argument for them all: 't is a subject for a sovereign to reason on, and for a sovereign's sovereign to ride on; and for the world, familiar to us and unknown, to lay apart their particular functions and wonder at him. I once writ a sonnet in his praise and began thus: "Wonder of nature," —

Orl. I have heard a sonnet begin so to one's mistress.

Dau. Then did they imitate that which I compos'd to my courser, for my horse is my mistress.

Orl. Your mistress bears well.

Dau. Me well; which is the prescript praise and perfection of a good and particular mistress.

Con. Nay, for methought yesterday your mistress shrewdly shook your back.

Dau. So perhaps did yours.

Con. Mine was not bridled.

Dau. O then belike she was old and gentle; and you rode, like a kern of Ireland, your French hose off, and in your straight strossers.

Con. You have good judgement in horsemanship.

Dau. Be warn'd by me, then: they that ride so and ride not warily, fall into foul bogs. I had rather have my horse to my mistress.

Con. I had as lief have my mistress a jade.

Dau. I tell thee, Constable, my mistress wears his own hair.

54. **kern** = an Irish foot-soldier. **strait strossers** = tight trousers. W.

62. **wears his own hair.** One of the very few personal feelings on the part of S. which appear in his plays was a great dislike of the fashion of wearing false hair and dyeing the hair, which was common among women in his day. W.

Con. I could make as true a boast as that, if I had a sow to my mistress.

Dau. "*Le chien est retourné à son propre vomissement, et la truie lavée au bourbier:*" thou mak'st use of any thing.

Con. Yet do I not use my horse for my mistress, or any such proverb so little kin to the purpose.

Ram. My Lord Constable, the armour that I saw in your tent to-night, are those stars or suns upon it?

Con. Stars, my lord.

Dau. Some of them will fall to-morrow, I hope.

Con. And yet my sky shall not want.

Dau. That may be, for you bear a many superfluously, and 't were more honour some were away.

Con. Even as your horse bears your praises; who would trot as well, were some of your brags dismounted.

Dau. Would I were able to load him with his desert! Will it never be day? I will trot to-morrow a mile, and my way shall be paved with English faces.

Con. I will not say so, for fear I should be fac'd out of my way: but I would it were morning; for I would fain be about the ears of the English.

Ram. Who will go to hazard with me for twenty prisoners?

Con. You must first go yourself to hazard, ere you have them.

Dau. 'T is midnight; I 'll go arm myself. [*Exit.*

Orl. The Dolphin longs for morning.

Ram. He longs to eat the English.

Con. I think he will eat all he kills.

66. **Le chien est retourné**, etc. = the dog is returned to his vomit, etc. W.

93. **I . . . kills**: a common quip. Cf. *Much Ado*, I, i, 36, "for indeed I promised to eat all of his killing."

Orl. By the white hand of my lady, he 's a gallant prince.

Con. Swear by her foot, that she may tread out the oath.

Orl. He is simply the most active gentleman of France.

Con. Doing is activity; and he will still be doing.

Orl. He never did harm, that I heard of.

Con. Nor will do none to-morrow: he will keep that good name still.

Orl. I know him to be valiant.

Con. I was told that by one that knows him better than you.

Orl. What 's he?

Con. Marry, he told me so himself; and he said he car'd not who knew it.

Orl. He needs not; it is no hidden virtue in him.

Con. By my faith, sir, but it is; never any body saw it but his lackey; 't is a hooded valour; and when it appears, it will bate.

Orl. Ill will never said well.

Con. I will cap that proverb with "There is flattery in friendship."

Orl. And I will take up that with "Give the Devil his due."

Con. Well plac'd; there stands your friend for the Devil: have at the very eye of that proverb with "A pox of the Devil."

Orl. You are the better at proverbs, by how much "A fool's bolt is soon shot."

Con. You have shot over.

Orl. 'T is not the first time you were overshot.

112. **hooded . . . bate**: terms of falconry of obvious meaning. W.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My Lord High Constable, the English lie within fifteen hundred paces of your tents.

Con. Who hath measur'd the ground?

Mess. The Lord Grandpré.

Con. A valiant and most expert gentleman. Would it were day! Alas, poor Harry of England! he longs not for the dawning as we do.

Orl. What a wretched and peevish fellow is this King of England, to mope with his fat-brain'd followers so far out of his knowledge!

Con. If the English had any apprehension, they would run away.

Orl. That they lack; for if their heads had any intellectual armour, they could never wear such heavy head-pieces.

Ram. That island of England breeds very valiant creatures; their mastiffs are of unmatchable courage.

Orl. Foolish curs, that run winking into the mouth of a Russian bear and have their heads crush'd like rotten apples! You may as well say, that 's a valiant flea that dare eat his breakfast on the lip of a lion.

Con. Just, just; and the men do sympathize with the mastiffs in robustious and rough coming on, leaving their wits with their wives: and then give them great meals of beef and iron and steel, they will eat like wolves and fight like devils.

Orl. Ay, but these English are shrewdly out of beef.

Con. Then shall we find to-morrow they have only stomachs to eat and none to fight. Now is it time to arm: come, shall we about it?

143. Shakespeare's audiences were quite familiar with bear-baiting.

Orl. It is now two o'clock: but, let me see, by ten
We shall have each a hundred Englishmen. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV

PROLOGUE

Enter Chorus.

Chor. Now entertain conjecture of a time
When creeping murmur and the poring dark
Fills the wide vessel of the universe.
From camp to camp through the foul womb of night
The hum of either army stilly sounds,
That the fix'd sentinels almost receive
The secret whispers of each other's watch:
Fire answers fire, and through their paly flames
Each battle sees the other's umber'd face;
Steed threatens steed, in high and boastful neighs
Piercing the night's dull ear, and from the tents
The armourers, accomplishing the knights,
With busy hammers closing rivets up,
Give dreadful note of preparation:
The country cocks do crow, the clocks do toll,
And the third hour of drowsy morning name.
Proud of their numbers and secure in soul,
The confident and over-lusty French
Do the low-rated English play at dice;
And chide the cripple tardy-gaited night
Who, like a foul and ugly witch, doth limp

Prologue. Here again we have description, rhetoric, poetry, to make up for the lack of scenic realism.

9. **battle** = an army drawn up for battle as in IV, iii, 2, 69, and often in earlier use. Cf. *embattled*, IV, ii, 14.

12. **accomplishing** = giving them all they needed.

19. **low-rated**, i. e. by the French.

So tediously away. The poor condemned English,
Like sacrifices, by their watchful fires
Sit patiently and inly ruminate
The morning's danger, and their gesture sad
Investing lank-lean cheeks and war-worn coats
Presenteth them unto the gazing moon
So many horrid ghosts. O now, who will behold
The royal captain of this ruin'd band
Walking from watch to watch, from tent to tent,
Let him cry, Praise and glory on his head!
For forth he goes and visits all his host,
Bids them good morrow with a modest smile
And calls them brothers, friends and countrymen.
Upon his royal face there is no note
How dread an army hath enrounded him;
Nor doth he dedicate one jot of colour
Unto the weary and all-watched night,
But freshly looks and over-bears attaint
With cheerful semblance and sweet majesty;
That every wretch, pining and pale before,
Beholding him, plucks comfort from his looks:
A largess universal like the sun
His liberal eye doth give to every one,
Thawing cold fear, that mean and gentle all,
Behold, as may unworthiness define,
A little touch of Harry in the night.
And so our scene must to the battle fly;
Where — O for pity! — we shall much disgrace
With four or five most vile and ragged foils,
Right ill-disposed in brawl ridiculous,
The name of Agincourt. Yet sit and see,
Minding true things by what their mockeries be.

[*Exit.*

25. **gesture** = bearing.

SCENE I. *The English camp at Agincourt.*

Enter KING HENRY, BEDFORD, *and* GLOUCESTER.

K. Hen. Glou'ster, 'tis true that we are in great danger;
The greater therefore should our courage be.
Good morrow, brother Bedford. God Almighty!
There is some soul of goodness in things evil,
Would men observingly distil it out.
For our bad neighbour makes us early stirrers,
Which is both healthful and good husbandry:
Besides, they are our outward consciences,
And preachers to us all, admonishing
That we should dress us fairly for our end.
Thus may we gather honey from the weed,
And make a moral of the Devil himself.

Enter ERPINGHAM.

Good morrow, old Sir Thomas Erpingham:
A good soft pillow for that good white head
Were better than a churlish turf of France.

Erp. Not so, my liege: this lodging likes me better,
Since I may say, Now lie I like a king.

K. Hen. 'Tis good for men to love their present pains
Upon example; so the spirit is eas'd:
And when the mind is quicken'd, out of doubt,
The organs, though defunct and dead before,
Break up their drowsy grave and newly move,
With casted slough and fresh legerity.

7. **good husbandry** = thrift. W.
10. **dress us** = order ourselves.
12. **moral**, so Fluellen, III, vi, 33.
19. **spirit**: one syllable; pronounced *spreet*. W.
23. **legerity** = lightness; one of the common Gallicisms in S.'s day. W.

Lend me thy cloak, Sir Thomas. Brothers both,
Commend me to the princes in our camp;
Do my good morrow to them, and anon
Desire them all to my pavilion.

Glou. We shall, my liege.

Erp. Shall I attend your grace?

K. Hen. No, my good knight;
Go with my brothers to my lords of England:
I and my bosom must debate a while,
And then I would no other company.

Erp. The Lord in heaven bless thee, noble Harry!

[*Exeunt all but King.*

K. Hen. God-a-mercy, old heart! thou speak'st cheerfully.

Enter PISTOL.

Pist. *Qui va là?*

K. Hen. A friend.

Pist. Discuss unto me; art thou officer?
Or art thou base, common and popular?

K. Hen. I am a gentleman of a company.

Pist. Trail'st thou the puissant pike?

K. Hen. Even so. What are you?

Pist. As good a gentleman as the Emperor.

K. Hen. Then you are a better than the King.

Pist. The King's a bawcock, and a heart of gold,
A lad of life, an imp of fame;
Of parents good, of fist most valiant.
I kiss his dirty shoe, and from heart-string
I love the lovely bully. What is thy name?

K. Hen. Harry le Roy.

Pist. Le Roy! a Cornish name: art thou of Cornish crew?

K. Hen. No, I am a Welshman.

38. popular = of the people.

Pist. Know'st thou Fluellen?

K. Hen. Yes.

Pist. Tell him, I 'll knock his leek about his pate Upon Saint Davy's day.

K. Hen. Do not you wear your dagger in your cap that day, lest he knock that about yours.

Pist. Art thou his friend?

K. Hen. And his kinsman too.

Pist. The figo for thee, then! 60

K. Hen. I thank you: God be with you

Pist. My name is Pistol call'd. [*Exit.*

K. Hen. It sorts well with your fierceness.

Enter FLUELLEN *and* GOWER.

Gow. Captain Fluellen!

Flu. So! in the name of Jesu Christ, speak lower. It is the greatest admiration in the universal world, when the true and aunchient prerogatifes and laws of the wars is not kept: if you would take the pains but to examine the wars of Pompey the Great, you shall find, I warrant you, that there is no tiddle taddle nor pibble pabble in Pompey's camp; I warrant you, you shall find the ceremonies of the wars, and the cares of it, and the forms of it, and the sopriety of it, and the modesty of it, to be otherwise. 74

Gow. Why, the enemy is loud; you hear him all night.

Flu. If the enemy is an ass and a fool and a prating coxcomb, is it meet, think you, that we should also, look you, be an ass and a fool and a prating coxcomb? in your own conscience, now? 80

Gow. I will speak lower.

66. **admiration** = wonder. Fluellen, rather pedantic, as usual, regrets that Henry does not keep up the discipline that he imagines in Pompey's camp.

Flu. I pray you and peseech you that you will.

[*Exeunt Gower and Fluellen.*

K. Hen. Though it appear a little out of fashion,
There is much care and valour in this Welshman.

Enter three soldiers, JOHN BATES, ALEXANDER COURT, *and* MICHAEL WILLIAMS.

Court. Brother John Bates, is not that the morning which breaks yonder?

Bates. I think it be: but we have no great cause to desire the approach of day.

Will. We see yonder the beginning of the day, but I think we shall never see the end of it. Who goes there?

K. Hen. A friend.

Will. Under what captain serve you?

K. Hen. Under Sir Thomas Erpingham.

Will. A good old commander and a most kind gentleman: I pray you, what thinks he of our estate?

K. Hen. Even as men wrack'd upon a sand, that look to be wash'd off the next tide.

Bates. He hath not told his thought to the King?

K. Hen. No; nor it is not meet he should. For, though I speak it to you, I think the King is but a man, as I am: the violet smells to him as it doth to me; the element shows to him as it doth to me; all his senses have but human conditions: his ceremonies laid by, in his nakedness he appears but a man; and though his affections are higher mounted than ours, yet, when they stoop, they stoop with the like wing. Therefore

83. Fluellen is old-fashioned.

96. **estate** = condition.

103. **element** = sky: really but one of what were held the four elements; earth, air, fire, water. Cf. III, vii, 21.

106. **affections** = emotions.

when he sees reason of fears, as we do, his fears, out of doubt, be of the same relish as ours are: yet, in reason, no man should possess him with any appearance of fear, lest he, by showing it, should dishearten his army.

Bates. He may show what outward courage he will; but I believe, as cold a night as 't is, he could wish himself in Thames up to the neck; and so I would he were, and I by him, at all adventures, so we were quit here.

K. Hen. By my troth, I will speak my conscience of the King: I think he would not wish himself any where but where he is.

Bates. Then I would he were here alone; so should he be sure to be ransomed, and a many poor men's lives saved.

K. Hen. I dare say you love him not so ill, to wish him here alone, howsoever you speak this to feel other men's minds: methinks I could not die any where so contented as in the King's company; his cause being just and his quarrel honourable.

Will. That 's more than we know.

Bates. Ay, or more than we should seek after; for we know enough, if we know we are the King's subjects: if his cause be wrong, our obedience to the King wipes the crime of it out of us.

Will. But if the cause be not good, the King himself hath a heavy reckoning to make, when all those legs and arms and heads, chopp'd off in a battle, shall join together at the latter day and cry all, We died at such a place; some swearing, some crying for a surgeon, some upon their wives left poor behind them, some upon the debts they owe, some upon their children rawly left. I am afeard there are few die well

140. rawly = lately, just.

that die in a battle; for how can they charitably dispose of any thing, when blood is their argument? Now, if these men do not die well, it will be a black matter for the King that led them to it; whom to disobey were against all proportion of subjection. 145

K. Hen. So, if a son that is by his father sent about merchandise do sinfully miscarry upon the sea, the imputation of his wickedness, by your rule, should be imposed upon his father that sent him: or if a servant, under his master's command transporting a sum of money, be assailed by robbers and die in many irreconcil'd iniquities, you may call the business of the master the author of the servant's damnation: but this is not so: the King is not bound to answer the particular endings of his soldiers, the father of his son, nor the master of his servant; for they purpose not their death, when they purpose their services. Besides, there is no king, be his cause never so spotless, if it come to the arbitrement of swords, can try it out with all unspotted soldiers: some peradventure have on them the guilt of premeditated and contrived murder: some, of beguiling virgins with the broken seals of perjury; some, making the wars their bulwark, that have before gored the gentle bosom of peace with pillage and robbery. Now, if these men have defeated the law and outrun native punishment, though they can outstrip men, they have no wings to fly from God: war is his beadle, war is his vengeance; so that here men are punish'd for before-breach of the King's laws in now the King's quarrel: where they feared

146. Henry eludes the point which he perfectly understands, and has determined in his own mind already, I, ii, 25–32, 96. He prefers to elaborate an idea more likely to give heart to his men.

the death, they have borne life away; and where they would be safe, they perish: then if they die unprovided, no more is the King guilty of their damnation than he was before guilty of those impieties for the which they are now visited. Every subject's duty is the King's; but every subject's soul is his own. Therefore should every soldier in the wars do as every sick man in his bed, wash every mote out of his conscience: and dying so, death is to him advantage; or not dying, the time was blessedly lost wherein such preparation was gained: and in him that escapes, it were not sin to think that, making God so free an offer, He let him outlive that day to see His greatness and to teach others how they should prepare.

Will. 'T is certain, every man that dies ill, the ill upon his own head, the King is not to answer it.

Bates. I do not desire he should answer for me; and yet I determine to fight lustily for him.

K. Hen. I myself heard the King say he would not be ransom'd.

Will. Ay, he said so, to make us fight cheerfully: but when our throats are cut, he may be ransom'd, and we ne'er the wiser.

K. Hen. If I live to see it, I will never trust his word after.

Will. You pay him then. That 's a perilous shot out of an elder-gun, that a poor and private displeasure can do against a monarch! you may as well go about to turn the sun to ice with fanning in his face with a peacock's feather. You 'll never trust his word after! come, 't is a foolish saying.

K. Hen. Your reproof is something too round: I

197. elder-gun: a gun made by a child out of an elderberry stem, by pushing the pith out.

should be angry with you, if the time were convenient.

Will. Let it be a quarrel between us, if you live.

K. Hen. I embrace it.

Will. How shall I know thee again?

K. Hen. Give me any gage of thine, and I will wear it in my bonnet: then, if ever thou dar'st acknowledge it, I will make it my quarrel.

Will. Here's my glove: give me another of thine.

K. Hen. There.

Will. This will I also wear in my cap: if ever thou come to me and say, after to-morrow, This is my glove, by this hand, I will take thee a box on the ear.

K. Hen. If ever I live to see it, I will challenge it.

Will. Thou dar'st as well be hang'd.

K. Hen. Well, I will do it, though I take thee in the King's company.

Will. Keep thy word: fare thee well.

Bates. Be friends, you English fools, be friends: we have French quarrels enow, if you could tell how to reckon.

K. Hen. Indeed, the French may lay twenty French crowns to one, they will beat us; for they bear them on their shoulders: but it is no English treason to cut French crowns, and to-morrow the King himself will be a clipper. [*Exeunt Soldiers.*

Upon the King! let us our lives, our souls,
Our debts, our careful wives,
Our children and our sins lay on the King!
We must bear all. O hard condition,

228. clipper: money used to be made without the milling on the edge, so that it was possible to clip a little off a piece.

230. careful = full of care.

232. This speech, though perfectly appropriate, is really an elaborate piece of rhetoric. See Introduction, p. 16.

Twin-born with greatness, subject to the breath
Of every fool, whose sense no more can feel
But his own wringing! What infinite heart's-ease
Must kings neglect, that private men enjoy!
And what have kings, that privates have not too,
Save ceremony, save general ceremony?
And what art thou, thou idol ceremony?
What kind of god art thou, that suffer'st more
Of mortal griefs than do thy worshippers?
What are thy rents? what are thy comings in?
O ceremony, show me but thy worth!
What is thy soul of adoration?
Art thou aught else but place, degree and form,
Creating awe and fear in other men?
Wherein thou art less happy being fear'd
Than they in fearing.
What drink'st thou oft, instead of homage sweet,
But poison'd flattery? O, be sick, great greatness,
And bid thy ceremony give thee cure!
Think'st thou the fiery fever will go out
With titles blown from adulation?
Will it give place to flexure and low bending?
Canst thou, when thou command'st the beggar's knee,
Command the health of it? No, thou proud dream,
That play'st so subtly with a king's repose;
I am a king that find thee, and I know
'T is not the balm, the sceptre and the ball,
The sword, the mace, the crown imperial,
The intertissued robe of gold and pearl,

237. **privates** = private men.

244. **thy soul of adoration** = the essence of the adoration of thee. W.

259. **balm**, used at coronation.

The farced title running 'fore the King,
The throne he sits on, nor the tide of pomp
That beats upon the high shore of this world,
No, not all these, thrice-gorgeous ceremony,
Not all these, laid in bed majestical,
Can sleep so soundly as the wretched slave,
Who with a body fill'd and vacant mind
Gets him to rest, cramm'd with distressful bread,
Never sees horrid night, the child of hell,
But, like a lackey, from the rise to set
Sweats in the eye of Phœbus, and all night
Sleeps in Elysium; next day after dawn,
Doth rise and help Hyperion to his horse,
And follows so the ever-running year,
With profitable labour, to his grave:
And, but for ceremony, such a wretch,
Winding up days with toil and nights with sleep,
Had the fore-hand and vantage of a king.
The slave, a member of the country's peace,
Enjoys it; but in gross brain little wots
What watch the King keeps to maintain the peace,
Whose hours the peasant best advantages.

Enter Erpingham.

Erp. My lord, your nobles, jealous of your absence,
Seek through your camp to find you.

K. Hen. Good old knight,
Collect them all together at my tent:
I 'll be before thee.

Erp. I shall do 't, my lord. [*Exit.*

K. Hen. O God of battles! steel my soldiers' hearts;

262. **farced** = stuffed and highly seasoned, a phrase from the kitchen. W.

283. **advantages** = gets the good of,

Possess them not with fear; take from them now
The sense of reckoning, if the opposed numbers
Pluck their hearts from them. Not to-day, O Lord,
O, not to-day, think not upon the fault
My father made in compassing the crown!
I Richard's body have interred new;
And on it have bestow'd more contrite tears
Than from it issued forced drops of blood:
Five hundred poor I have in yearly pay,
Who twice a-day their wither'd hands hold up
Toward heaven, to pardon blood; and I have built
Two chantries, where the sad and solemn priests
Sing still for Richard's soul. More will I do;
Though all that I can do is nothing worth,
Since that my penitence comes after all,
Imploring pardon.

Enter GLOUCESTER.

Glou. My liege!

K. Hen. My brother Glou'ster's voice? Ay;
I know thy errand, I will go with thee:
The day, my friends and all things stay for me.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The French camp.*

Enter the DAUPHIN, ORLEANS, RAMBURES, *and others.*

Orl. The sun doth gild our armour; up, my lords!

Dau. Montez à cheval! My horse! varlet! *laquais!* ha!

Orl. O brave spirit!

293. See *Richard II*, Act V.

300. **sad** = serious.

2. **Montez à cheval** = mount, as we say in English, simply. These French phrases are of no importance, and were put in here merely to give a French flavor to the scene, and make the commoner sort of spectators gape. W.

Dau. *Via! les eaux et la terre.*
Orl. *Rien puis? l'air et le feu.*
Dau. *Ciel*, cousin Orleans.

Enter CONSTABLE.

Now, my Lord Constable!

Con. Hark, how our steeds for present service neigh!

Dau. Mount them, and make incision in their hides,
That their hot blood may spin in English eyes,
And dout them with superfluous courage, ha!

Ram. What, will you have them weep our horses' blood?
How shall we, then, behold their natural tears?

Enter Messenger.

Mess. The English are embattled, you French peers.

Con. To horse, you gallant princes! straight to horse!
Do but behold yon poor and starved band,
And your fair show shall suck away their souls,
Leaving them but the shales and husks of men.
There is not work enough for all our hands;
Scarce blood enough in all their sickly veins
To give each naked curtle-axe a stain,
That our French gallants shall to-day draw out,
And sheathe for lack of sport: let us but blow on them,
The vapour of our valour will o'erturn them.
'T is positive 'gainst all exceptions, lords,
That our superfluous lackeys and our peasants,
Who in unnecessary action swarm
About our squares of battle, were enow
To purge this field of such a hilding foe,

11. dout = put out: do out, as don = do on, doff = do off. W.

Though we upon this mountain's basis by
Took stand for idle speculation:
But that our honours must not. What's to say?
A very little little let us do,
And all is done. Then let the trumpets sound
The tucket sonance and the note to mount;
For our approach shall so much dare the field
That England shall couch down in fear and yield.

Enter GRANDPRÉ.

Grand. Why do you stay so long, my lords of France?
Yon island carrions, desperate of their bones,
Ill-favouredly become the morning field:
Their ragged curtains poorly are let loose,
And our air shakes them passing scornfully:
Big Mars seems bankrupt in their beggar'd host
And faintly through a rusty beaver peeps:
The horsemen sit like fixed candlesticks,
With torch-staves in their hand; and their poor jades
Lob down their heads, dropping the hides and hips,
The gum down-roping from their pale-dead eyes,
And in their pale dull mouths the gimmal bit
Lies foul with chew'd grass, still and motionless;
And their executors, the knavish crows,
Fly o'er them, all impatient for their hour.

31. **speculation** = looking on.

35. **tucket sonance** = a large Italianish phrase for the monitory flourish upon a trumpet. W.

39. **desperate** = hopeless.

44. **beaver** = the upper part of the helmet.

49. **gimmal bit** = a bit made with two rings, one of which played within the other; a sort of curb bit. W.

51. **executors** = those who will look after their business when they are dead.

Description cannot suit itself in words
To demonstrate the life of such a battle
In life so lifeless as it shows itself.

Con. They have said their prayers, and they stay for death.

Dau. Shall we go send them dinners and fresh suits
And give their fasting horses provender,
And after fight with them?

Con. I stay but for my guard: on to the field! 60
I will the banner from a trumpet take,
And use it for my haste. Come, come, away!
The sun is high, and we outwear the day. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The English camp.*

Enter GLOUCESTER, BEDFORD, EXETER, ERPINGHAM, *with all his host:* SALISBURY *and* WESTMORELAND.

Glou. Where is the King?

Bed. The King himself is rode to view their battle.

West. Of fighting men they have full three score thousand.

Exe. There's five to one; besides, they all are fresh.

Sal. God's arm strike with us! 't is a fearful odds.
God b' wi' you, princes all; I'll to my charge:
If we no more meet till we meet in heaven,
Then, joyfully, my noble Lord of Bedford,
My dear Lord Gloucester, and my good Lord Exeter,
And my kind kinsman, warriors all, adieu! 10

Bed. Farewell, good Salisbury; and good luck go with thee!

Exe. Farewell, kind lord; fight valiantly to-day:

61. **I . . . take**: he will not wait for his own standard bearers: **trumpet** = a trumpeter.

And yet I do thee wrong to mind thee of it,
For thou art fram'd of the firm truth of valour.

[*Exit Salisbury.*

Bed. He is as full of valour as of kindness;
Princely in both.

Enter the KING.

West. O that we now had here
But one ten thousand of those men in England
That do no work to-day!

K. Hen. What 's he that wishes so
My cousin Westmoreland? No, my fair cousin:
If we are mark'd to die, we are enow
To do our country loss; and if to live,
The fewer men, the greater share of honour.
God's will! I pray thee, wish not one man more.
By Jove, I am not covetous for gold,
Nor care I who doth feed upon my cost;
It yearns me not if men my garments wear;
Such outward things dwell not in my desires:
But if it be a sin to covet honour,
I am the most offending soul alive.
No, faith, my coz, wish not a man from England:
God's peace! I would not lose so great an honour
As one man more, methinks, would share from me
For the best hope I have. O, do not wish one more!
Rather proclaim it, Westmoreland, through my host,
That he which hath no stomach to this fight,
Let him depart; his passport shall be made
And crowns for convoy put into his purse:
We would not die in that man's company
That fears his fellowship to die with us.
This day is call'd the feast of Crispian:
He that outlives this day, and comes safe home,

26. **yearns** = vexes.

Will stand a tip-toe when this day is nam'd,
And rouse him at the name of Crispian.
He that shall live this day, and see old age,
Will yearly on the vigil feast his neighbours,
And say To-morrow is Saint Crispian:
Then will he strip his sleeve and show his scars,
And say These wounds I had on Crispin's day.
Old men forget; yet all shall be forgot,
But he 'll remember with advantages
What feats he did that day: then shall our names,
Familiar in his mouth as household words,
Harry the King, Bedford and Exeter,
Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloucester,
Be in their flowing cups freshly remember'd.
This story shall the good man teach his son;
And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,
From this day to the ending of the world,
But we in it shall be remembered;
We few, we happy few, we band of brothers;
For he to-day that sheds his blood with me
Shall be my brother; be he ne'er so vile,
This day shall gentle his condition:
And gentlemen in England now a-bed
Shall think themselves accurs'd they were not here,
And hold their manhoods cheap whiles any speaks
That fought with us upon Saint Crispin's day.

Re-enter Salisbury.

Sal. My sovereign lord, bestow yourself with speed:

45. **vigil**: the night before a saint's day.

57. **Crispin** and **Crispianus** were two Christian shoemakers and martyrs about the end of the third century. W.

63. **gentle his condition** = give him the rank of a gentleman. W.

68. **bestow** = put yourself in order.

The French are bravely in their battles set,
And will with all expedience charge on us.

K. Hen. All things are ready, if our minds be so.

West. Perish the man whose mind is backward now!

K. Hen. Thou dost not wish more help from England, coz?

West. God's will! my liege, would you and I alone,
Without more help, could fight this royal battle!

K. Hen. Why, now thou hast unwish'd five thousand men;
Which likes me better than to wish us one.
You know your places: God be with you all!

Tucket. Enter MONTJOY.

Mont. Once more I come to know of thee, King Harry,
If for thy ransom thou wilt now compound,
Before thy most assured overthrow:
For certainly thou art so near the gulf,
Thou needs must be englutted. Besides, in mercy,
The Constable desires thee thou wilt mind
Thy followers of repentance; that their souls
May make a peaceful and a sweet retire
From off these fields, where, wretches, their poor bodies
Must lie and fester.

K. Hen. Who hath sent thee now?

Mont. The Constable of France.

K. Hen. I pray thee, bear my former answer back:
Bid them achieve me and then sell my bones.
Good God! why should they mock poor fellows thus?
The man that once did sell the lion's skin
While the beast liv'd, was killed with hunting him.

82. **gulf.** Cf. II, iv, 10.
84. **mind** = remind.

A many of our bodies shall no doubt
Find native graves; upon the which, I trust,
Shall witness live in brass of this day's work:
And those that leave their valiant bones in France,
Dying like men, though buried in your dunghills,
They shall be fam'd; for there the sun shall greet them,
And draw their honours reeking up to heaven;
Leaving their earthly parts to choke your clime,
The smell whereof shall breed a plague in France.
Mark then abounding valour in our English,
That being dead, like to the bullet's grazing,
Break out into a second course of mischief,
Killing in relapse of mortality.
Let me speak proudly: tell the Constable
We are but warriors for the working-day;
Our gayness and our gilt are all besmirch'd
With rainy marching in the painful field;
There 's not a piece of feather in our host —
Good argument, I hope, we will not fly —
And time hath worn us into slovenry:
But, by the mass, our hearts are in the trim;
And my poor soldiers tell me, yet ere night
They 'll be in fresher robes, or they will pluck
The gay new coats o'er the French soldiers' heads
And turn them out of service. If they do this, —
As, if God please, they shall, — my ransom then
Will soon be levied. Herald, save thou thy labour;
Come thou no more for ransom, gentle herald:

104. **abounding**: possibly "a bounding;" in either case S. doubtless had both words in mind, when his propensity to fanciful conceit in language led him to deform the beauty and smirch the splendor of this noble scene by this and the preceding passage of Henry's speech. W.

They shall have none, I swear, but these my joints ;
Which if they have as I will leave 'em them,
Shall yield them little, tell the Constable.

Mont. I shall, King Harry. And so fare thee well :
Thou never shalt hear herald any more. [*Exit.*

K. Hen. I fear thou 'lt once more come again for ransom.

Enter YORK.

York. My lord, most humbly on my knee I beg
The leading of the vaward.

K. Hen. Take it, brave York. Now, soldiers, march away :
And how thou pleasest, God, dispose the day! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *The field of battle.*

Alarum. Excursions. Enter PISTOL, French Soldier, *and* Boy.

Pist. Yield, cur !

Fr. Sol. Je pense que vous êtes gentilhomme de bonne qualité.

Pist. Qualtitie calmie custure me! Art thou a gentleman ? what is thy name ? discuss.

Fr. Sol. O Seigneur Dieu !

Pist. O, Signieur Dew should be a gentleman :
Perpend my words, O Signieur Dew, and mark ;
O Signieur Dew, thou diest on point of fox,
Except, O signieur, thou do give to me
Egregious ransom.

Scene IV. As it is impossible actually to present the battle (IV, Prol. 48 ff.) Shakespeare does not try to do so. He does not even present to us single combats: this exploit of the coward Pistol is enough to show what the rest of the army did.

2. **Je pense**, etc. = I suppose that you are a gentleman of good quality. W.

4. Pistol's French is mere meaningless gabble. W.

9. **fox** = sword. W.

Fr. Sol. O, prenez miséricorde! ayez pitié de moi!

Pist. Moy shall not serve; I will have forty moys;
Or I will fetch thy rim out at thy throat
In drops of crimson blood.

Fr. Sol. Est-il impossible d'échapper la force de ton bras?

Pist. Brass, cur!
Thou damned and luxurious mountain goat,
Offer'st me brass?

Fr. Sol. O pardonnez moi!

Pist. Say'st thou me so? is that a ton of moys?
Come hither, boy: ask me this slave in French
What is his name.

Boy. Ecoutez: comment êtes-vous appelé?

Fr. Sol. Monsieur le Fer.

Boy. He says his name is Master Fer.

Pist. Master Fer! I'll fer him, and firk him, and ferret him: discuss the same in French unto him.

Boy. I do not know the French for fer, and ferret, and firk.

Pist. Bid him prepare; for I will cut his throat.

Fr. Sol. Que dit-il, monsieur?

Boy. Il me commande de vous dire que vous faites vous prêt; car ce soldat ici est disposé tout à cette heure de couper votre gorge.

12. **O, prenez**, etc. = O have mercy, take pity upon me. W.

15. **rim** = midriff. W.

17. **Est-il impossible**, etc. = Is it impossible to escape the power of thy arm? W.

26. **Ecoutez**, etc. = Hear! what is your name? W.

34. **Que dit-il?** = What does he say? W.

35. **Il me command**, etc. = He bids me tell you to make yourself ready; for this soldier is disposed to cut your throat at once. W.

Pist. Owy, cuppele gorge, permafoy,
Peasant, unless thou give me crowns, brave crowns;
Or mangled shalt thou be by this my sword.

Fr. Sol. O, je vous supplie, pour l'amour de Dieu, me pardonner! Je suis gentilhomme de bonne maison: gardez ma vie, et je vous donnerai deux cents écus.

Pist. What are his words?

Boy. He prays you to save his life: he is a gentleman of a good house; and for his ransom he will give you two hundred crowns.

Pist. Tell him my fury shall abate, and I
The crowns will take.

Fr. Sol. Petit monsieur, que dit-il?

Boy. Encore qu'il est contre son jurement de pardonner aucun prisonnier, néanmoins, pour les écus que vous l'avez promis, il est content de vous donner la liberté, le franchisement.

Fr. Sol. Sur mes genoux je vous donne mille remercîmens; et je m'estime heureux que je suis tombé entre les mains d'un chevalier, je pense, le plus brave, vaillant, et très distingué seigneur d'Angleterre.

Pist. Expound unto me, boy.

Boy. He gives you, upon his knees, a thousand thanks; and he esteems himself happy that he hath fallen into the hands of one, as he thinks, the most

38. **Owy . . . permafoy.** Pistol's French rarely has much meaning: this, however, means, "Oh, yes: cut his throat, by my faith." Pistol knew so much French, at least, before coming to France, II, i, 72.

41. **O, je vous**, etc. = The boy translates here, and also below, *Sur mes genoux*. W.

52. **Encore qu'il est**, etc. = Although it is contrary to his oath to spare any prisoner, nevertheless, for the crowns you have promised, he is willing to set you at liberty. W.

brave, valorous, and thrice-worthy signieur of England.

Pist. As I suck blood, I will some mercy show. Follow me!

Boy. Suivez-vous le grand capitaine. [*Exeunt Pistol, and French Soldier.*] I did never know so full a voice issue from so empty a heart: but the saying is true, "The empty vessel makes the greatest sound." Bardolph and Nym had ten times more valour than this roaring devil i' th' old play, that every one may pare his nails with a wooden dagger; and they are both hang'd; and so would this be, if he durst steal any thing adventurously. I must stay with the lackeys, with the luggage of our camp: the French might have a good prey of us, if he knew of it; for there is none to guard it but boys. [*Exit.*

SCENE V. *Another part of the field.*

Enter CONSTABLE, ORLEANS, BOURBON, DAUPHIN, *and* RAMBURES.

Con. O diable!

Orl. O seigneur! le jour est perdu, tout est perdu!

Dau. Mort de ma vie! all is confounded, all!
Reproach and everlasting shame
Sits mocking in our plumes. *O méchante fortune!*
Do not run away. [*A short alarum.*

Con. Why, all our ranks are broke.

68. **Suivez-vous**, etc. = Follow the great captain. W.

73. **devil**: the Devil in the Miracle Plays was a blustering, humorous character. In the next clause the construction is mixed by the use of *his nails* instead of the grammatical *the nails of*.

2. **O seigneur**, etc. = O Lord, the day is lost, all is lost! W.

3. **Mort de ma vie** = Death of my life; a common French imprecation. W.

5. **méchante fortune** = naughty, that is, wicked fortune. W.

Dau. O perdurable shame! let's stab ourselves.
Be these the wretches that we play'd at dice for?
Orl. Is this the king we sent to for his ransom?
Bour. Shame and eternal shame, nothing but shame!
Let's die in honour: once more back again;
And he that will not follow Bourbon now,
Let him go hence, and with his cap in hand,
Like a base pander, hold the chamber-door.
Con. Disorder, that hath spoil'd us, friend us now!
Let us on heaps go offer up our lives.
Orl. We are enow yet living in the field
To smother up the English in our throngs,
If any order might be thought upon.
Bour. The Devil take order now! I'll to the throng:
Let life be short; else shame will be too long. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *Another part of the field.*

Alarums. Enter KING HENRY *and forces,* EXETER, *and others.*

K. Hen. Well have we done, thrice valiant countrymen:
But all's not done; yet keep the French the field.
Exe. The Duke of York commends him to your majesty.
K. Hen. Lives he, good uncle? thrice within this hour
I saw him down; thrice up again, and fighting;
From helmet to the spur all blood he was.
Exe. In which array, brave soldier, doth he lie,
Larding the plain; and by his bloody side,
Yoke-fellow to his honour-owing wounds,
The noble Earl of Suffolk also lies.
Suffolk first died: and York, all haggled over,

7. **perdurable** = lasting.

Comes to him, where in gore he lay insteep'd,
And takes him by the beard; kisses the gashes
That bloodily did yawn upon his face;
And cries aloud "Tarry, dear cousin Suffolk!
My soul shall thine keep company to heaven;
Tarry, sweet soul, for mine, then fly abreast,
As in this glorious and well-foughten field
We kept together in our chivalry!"
Upon these words I came and cheer'd him up:
He smil'd me in the face, raught me his hand,
And, with a feeble gripe, says "Dear my lord,
Commend my service to my sovereign."
So did he turn and over Suffolk's neck
He threw his wounded arm and kiss'd his lips;
And so espous'd to death, with blood he seal'd
A testament of noble-ending love.
The pretty and sweet manner of it forc'd
Those waters from me which I would have stopp'd;
But I had not so much of man in me,
And all my mother came into mine eyes
And gave me up to tears.
K. Hen. I blame you not;
For, hearing this, I must perforce compound
With mistful eyes, or they will issue too. [*Alarum.*
But, hark! what new alarum is this same?
The French have reinforc'd their scatter'd men:
Then every soldier kill his prisoners;
Give the word through. [*Exeunt.*

Scene VII. *Another part of the field.*

Enter Fluellen *and* Gower.

Flu. Kill the poys and the luggage! 't is expressly against the law of arms: 't is as arrant a piece of

21. raught me = reached me; the O. E. preterite. W.

knafery, mark you now, as can be offer't; in your conscience, now, is it not?

Gow. 'T is certain there 's not a boy left alive; and the cowardly rascals that ran from the battle ha' done this slaughter: besides, they have burned and carried away all that was in the King's tent; wherefore the King, most worthily, hath caus'd every soldier to cut his prisoner's throat. O, 't is a gallant king! 10

Flu. Ay, he was porn at Monmouth, Captain Gower. What call you the town's name where Alexander the Pig was born!

Gow. Alexander the Great.

Flu. Why, I pray you, is not pig great? the pig, or the great, or the mighty, or the huge, or the magnanimous, are all one reckonings, save the phrase is a little fariations.

Gow. I think Alexander the Great was born in Macedon: his father was called Philip of Macedon, as I take it. 21

Flu. I think it is in Macedon where Alexander is porn. I tell you, captain, if you look in the maps of the 'orld, I warrant you sall find, in the comparisons between Macedon and Monmouth, that the situations, look you, is both alike. There is a river in Macedon; and there is also moreover a river at Monmouth: it is called Wye at Monmouth; but it is out of my prains what is the name of the other river; but 't is all one, 't is alike as my fingers is to my fingers, and there is salmons in both. If you mark Alexander's life well, Harry of Monmouth's life is come after it indifferent well; for there is figures in all things. Alexander, God knows, and you know, in his rages, and his furies, and his wraths, and his cholers, and his moods, and

32. **is come after it** = resembles it.

his displeasures, and his indignations, and also being a little intoxicates in his prains, did, in his ales and his angers, look you, kill his best friend, Cleitus.

Gow. Our King is not like him in that: he never kill'd any of his friends.

Flu. It is not well done, mark you now, to take the tales out of my mouth, ere it is made and finished. I speak but in the figures and comparisons of it: as Alexander killed his friend Cleitus, being in his ales and his cups; so also Harry Monmouth, being in his right wits and his good judgements, turn'd away the fat knight with the great-belly-doublet: he was full of jests, and gipes, and knaferies, and mocks; I have forgot his name.

Gow. Sir John Falstaff.

Flu. That is he: I 'll tell you there is good men porn at Monmouth.

Gow. Here comes his majesty.

Alarum. Enter KING HENRY *and forces:* WARWICK, GLOUCESTER, EXETER, WILLIAMS, *and others.*

K. Hen. I was not angry since I came to France
Until this instant. Take a trumpet, herald;
Ride thou unto the horsemen on yon hill:
If they will fight with us, bid them come down,
Or void the field; they do offend our sight:
If they 'll do neither, we will come to them,
And make them skirr away, as swift as stones
Enforced from the old Assyrian slings:
Besides, we 'll cut the throats of those we have,
And not a man of them that we shall take
Shall taste our mercy. Go and tell them so.

Enter MONTJOY.

Exe. Here comes the herald of the French, my liege.

Glo. His eyes are humbler than they used to be.

K. Hen. How now! what means this, herald? know'st thou not
That I have fin'd these bones of mine for ransom?
Com'st thou again for ransom?
Mont. No, great king:
I come to thee for charitable license,
That we may wander o'er this bloody field
To look our dead, and then to bury them;
To sort our nobles from our common men.
For many of our princes — woe the while! —
Lie drown'd and soak'd in mercenary blood;
So do our vulgar drench their peasant limbs
In blood of princes; and their wounded steeds
Fret fetlock deep in gore and with wild rage
Yerk out their armed heels at their dead masters,
Killing them twice. O, give us leave, great king,
To view the field in safety and dispose
Of their dead bodies!
K. Hen. I tell thee truly, herald,
I know not if the day be ours or no;
For yet a many of your horsemen peer
And gallop o'er the field.
Mont. The day is yours.
K. Hen. Praised be God, and not our strength, for it!
What is this castle call'd that stands hard by?
Mont. They call it Agincourt.
K. Hen. Then call we this the field of Agincourt,
Fought on the day of Crispin Crispianus.
Flu. Your grandfather of famous memory, an 't please your majesty, and your great-uncle Edward the Plack Prince of Wales, as I have read in the chronicles, fought a most prave pattle here in France.

74. **woe the while** = woe be to the day.

K. Hen. They did, Fluellen.

Flu. Your majesty says very true: if your majesties is remembered of it, the Welshmen did good service in a garden where leeks did grow, wearing leeks in their Monmouth caps; which, your majesty know, to this hour is an honourable badge of the service; and I do believe your majesty takes no scorn to wear the leek upon Saint Tavy's day.

K. Hen. I wear it for a memorable honour;
For I am Welsh, you know, good countryman.

Flu. All the water in Wye cannot wash your majesty's Welsh plood out of your pody, I can tell you that. God pless it and preserve it, as long as it pleases his grace, and his majesty too!

K. Hen. Thanks, good my countryman.

Flu. By Jeshu, I am your majesty's countryman, I care not who know it; I will confess it to all the 'orld: I need not to be ashamed of your majesty, praised be God, so long as your majesty is an honest man.

K. Hen. God keep me so! Our heralds go with him:
Bring me just notice of the numbers dead
On both our parts. Call yonder fellow hither.

[*Points to Williams. Exeunt Heralds with Montjoy.*

Exe. Soldier, you must come to the King.

K. Hen. Soldier, why wear'st thou that glove in thy cap?

Will. An 't please your majesty, 't is the gage of one that I should fight withal, if he be alive.

K. Hen. An Englishman?

Will. An 't please your majesty, a rascal that swagger'd with me last night; who, if alive and ever

99. **Monmouth caps** = a kind of woolen cap made at Monmouth and much worn by soldiers. W.

104. Henry was born at Monmouth.

124. **who if alive**: Perhaps "if 'a live" = if he live. W.

dare to challenge this glove, I have sworn to take him a box o' th' ear: or if I can see my glove in his cap, which he swore, as he was a soldier, he would wear if alive, I will strike it out soundly.

K. Hen. What think you, Captain Fluellen? is it fit this soldier keep his oath? 130

Flu. He is a crafen and a fillain else, an 't please your majesty, in my conscience.

K. Hen. It may be his enemy is a gentleman of great sort, quite from the answer of his degree.

Flu. Though he be as good a gentleman as the Devil is, as Lucifer and Belzebub himself, it is necessary, look your grace, that he keep his fow and his oath: if he be perjur'd, see you now, his reputation is as arrant a villain and a Jacksauce, as ever his black shoe trod upon God's ground and his earth, in my conscience, la! 141

K. Hen. Then keep thy vow, sirrah, when thou meet'st the fellow.

Will. So I will, my liege, as I live.

K. Hen. Who serv'st thou under?

Will. Under Captain Gower, my liege.

Flu. Gower is a good captain, and is good knowledge and literatured in the wars.

K. Hen. Call him hither to me, soldier. 149

Will. I will, my liege. [*Exit.*

K. Hen. Here, Fluellen; wear thou this favour for me and stick it in thy cap: when Alençon and myself were down together, I pluck'd this glove from his helm: if any man challenge this, he is a friend to Alençon, and an enemy to our person; if thou encounter any such, apprehend him, an thou dost me love.

134. **quite**; i. e. of rank very unequal to his degree.

148. **literatured** = well-read; high praise in Fluellen's mind.

Flu. Your grace doo's me as great honours as can be desir'd in the hearts of his subjects: I would fain see the man, that has but two legs, that shall find himself aggriefed at this glove; that is all; but I would fain see it once, an please God of his grace that I might see.

K. Hen. Know'st thou Gower?

Flu. He is my tear friend, an please you.

K. Hen. Pray thee, go seek him, and bring him to my tent.

Flu. I will fetch him. [*Exit.*

K. Hen. My Lord of Warwick, and my brother Gloucester,
Follow Fluellen closely at the heels:
The glove which I have given him for a favour
May haply purchase him a box o' th' ear;
It is the soldier's; I by bargain should
Wear it myself. Follow, good cousin Warwick:
If that the soldier strike him, as I judge
By his blunt bearing he will keep his word,
Some sudden mischief may arise of it;
For I do know Fluellen valiant
And, touch'd with choler, hot as gunpowder,
And quickly will return an injury:
Follow, and see there be no harm between them.
Go you with me, uncle of Exeter. [*Exeunt.*

Scene VIII. *Before* King Henry's *pavilion.*

Enter Gower *and* Williams.

Will. I warrant it is to knight you, captain.

Enter Fluellen.

Flu. God's will and his pleasure, captain, I peseech you now, come apace to the King: there is more good

178. **touch'd with choler,** when irritated.

toward you peradventure than is in your knowledge to dream of.

Will. Sir, know you this glove?

Flu. Know the glove! I know the glove is a glove.

Will. I know this; and thus I challenge it.

[*Strikes him.*

Flu. 'Sblood! an arrant traitor as any is in the universal world, or in France, or in England! 10

Gow. How now, sir! you villain!

Will. Do you think I 'll be forsworn?

Flu. Stand away, Captain Gower; I will give treason his payment into plows, I warrant you.

Will. I am no traitor.

Flu. That 's a lie in thy throat. I charge you in his majesty's name, apprehend him: he 's a friend of the Duke Alençon's.

Enter WARWICK *and* GLOUCESTER.

War. How now, how now! what 's the matter?

Flu. My Lord of Warwick, here is — praised be God for it! — a most contagious treason come to light, look you, as you shall desire in a summer's day. Here is his majesty. 23

Enter KING HENRY *and* EXETER.

K. Hen. How now! what 's the matter?

Flu. My liege, here is a villain and a traitor, that, look your grace, has struck the glove which your majesty is take out of the helmet of Alençon.

Will. My liege, this was my glove; here is the fellow of it; and he that I gave it to in change promis'd to wear it in his cap: I promis'd to strike him, if he did: I met this man with my glove in his cap, and I have been as good as my word. 32

Flu. Your majesty hear now, saving your majesty's

14. into = in, probably, although Capel has conjectured *in two*.

manhood, what an arrant, rascally, peggarly, lousy knave it is: I hope your majesty is pear me testimony and witness, and will avouchment, that this is the glove of Alençon, that your majesty is give me; in your conscience, now?

K. Hen. Give me thy glove, soldier: look, here is the fellow of it.

'T was I, indeed, thou promisedst to strike;
And thou hast given me most bitter terms.

Flu. An please your majesty, let his neck answer for it, if there is any martial law in the world.

K. Hen. How canst thou make me satisfaction?

Will. All offences, my lord, come from the heart: never came any from mine that might offend your majesty.

K. Hen. It was ourself thou didst abuse.

Will. Your majesty came not like yourself: you appear'd to me but as a common man; witness the night, your garments, your lowliness; and what your highness suffer'd under that shape, I beseech you take it for your own fault and not mine: for had you been as I took you for, I made no offence; therefore, I beseech your highness, pardon me.

K. Hen. Here, uncle Exeter, fill this glove with crowns,
And give it to this fellow. Keep it, fellow;
And wear it for an honour in thy cap
Till I do challenge it. Give him the crowns:
And, captain, you must needs be friends with him.

Flu. By this day and this light, the fellow has mettle enough in his belly. Hold, there is twelve pence for you; and I pray you to serve Cot, and keep you out of prawls, and prabbles, and quarrels, and dissensions, and, I warrant you, it is the better for you.

Will. I will none of your money.

Flu. It is with a good will; I can tell you, it will serve you to mend your shoes: come, wherefore should you be so pashful? your shoes is not so good: 't is a good silling, I warrant you, or I will change it.

Enter an English Herald.

K. Hen. Now, herald, are the dead number'd?

Her. Here is the number of the slaughter'd French.

K. Hen. What prisoners of good sort are taken, uncle?

Exe. Charles Duke of Orleans, nephew to the King;
John Duke of Bourbon, and Lord Bouciqualt:
Of other lords and barons, knights and squires,
Full fifteen hundred, besides common men.

K. Hen. This note doth tell me of ten thousand French
That in the field lie slain: of princes, in this number,
And nobles bearing banners, there lie dead
One hundred twenty six: added to these,
Of knights, esquires, and gallant gentlemen,
Eight thousand and four hundred; of the which,
Five hundred were but yesterday dubb'd knights:
So that, in these ten thousand they have lost,
There are but sixteen hundred mercenaries;
The rest are princes, barons, lords, knights, squires,
And gentlemen of blood and quality.
The names of those their nobles that lie dead:

81. **bearing banners**; i. e. who led each his own force to the battle.

87. **mercenaries** = soldiers who had pay; contradistinguished from those who fought under their own lords' banners. W.

90. This list comprises most of those addressed by the King of France in III, v, 40–45.

Charles Delabreth, High Constable of France;
Jacques of Chatillon, Admiral of France;
The master of the cross-bows, Lord Rambures;
Great Master of France, the brave Sir Guichard Dauphin,
John Duke of Alençon, Anthony Duke of Brabant,
The brother to the Duke of Burgundy,
And Edward Duke of Bar: of lusty earls,
Grandpré and Roussi, Fauconberg and Foix,
Beaumont and Marle, Vaudemont and Lestrale.
Here was a royal fellowship of death!
Where is the number of our English dead?

[*Herald shows him another paper.*

Edward the Duke of York, the Earl of Suffolk,
Sir Richard Ketly, Davy Gam, esquire:
None else of name; and of all other men
But five and twenty. O God, thy arm was here;
And not to us, but to thy arm alone,
Ascribe we all! When, without stratagem,
But in plain shock and even play of battle,
Was ever known so great and little loss
On one part and on the other? Take it, God,
For it is none but thine!

Exe. 'T is wonderful!

K. Hen. Come, go we in procession to the village:
And be it death proclaim'd through our host
To boast of this or take that praise from God
Which is his only.

103. **Davy Gam.** This brave Welshman saved Henry's life in the battle. Before the onset, Henry sent him to reconnoitre the enemy, and his report was, "May it please you, my liege, there are enough to be killed, enough to be taken prisoners, and enough to run away." W.

Flu. Is it not lawful, an please your majesty, to tell how many is kill'd?

K. Hen. Yes, captain; but with this acknowledgment,
That God fought for us.

Flu. Yes, my conscience, he did us great good.

K. Hen. Do we all holy rites:
Let there be sung *Non nobis* and *Te Deum;*
The dead with charity enclosed in clay:
And then to Calais; and to England then:
Where ne'er from France arriv'd more happy men.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V

PROLOGUE

Enter Chorus.

Chor. Vouchsafe to those that have not read the story,
That I may prompt them: and of such as have,
I humbly pray them to admit the excuse
Of time, of numbers and due course of things,
Which cannot in their huge and proper life
Be here presented. Now we bear the King
Toward Calais: grant him there; there seen,
Heave him away upon your winged thoughts
Athwart the sea. Behold, the English beach
Pales in the flood with men, with wives and boys,
Whose shouts and claps out-voice the deep-mouth'd sea,
Which like a mighty whiffler 'fore the King

Prologue. The Prologue here recounts much that could not have been presented on the stage.

12. **whiffler** = an officer who headed processions, clearing the way by whiffling a wooden sword through the air. W.

Seems to prepare his way: so let him land,
And solemnly see him set on to London.
So swift a pace hath thought that even now
You may imagine him upon Blackheath;
Where that his lords desire him to have borne
His bruised helmet and his bended sword
Before him through the city: he forbids it,
Being free from vainness and self-grievous pride;
Giving full trophy, signal and ostent
Quite from himself to God. But now behold,
In the quick forge and working-house of thought,
How London doth pour out her citizens!
The mayor and all his brethren in best sort,
Like to the senators of th' antique Rome,
With the plebeians swarming at their heels,
Go forth and fetch their conquering Cæsar in:
As, by a lower but loving likelihood,
Were now the general of our gracious empress,
As in good time he may, from Ireland coming,
Bringing rebellion broached on his sword,
How many would the peaceful city quit,
To welcome him! much more, and much more cause,
Did they this Harry. Now in London place him;
As yet the lamentation of the French
Invites the King of England's stay at home;
The Emperor's coming in behalf of France,
To order peace between them; and omit
All the occurrences, whatever chanc'd,
Till Harry's back-return again to France:
There must we bring him; and myself have play'd

30. **the general of our gracious empress** = the Earl of Essex, Robert Devereux. W. See Introduction, p. 3.

38. **The Emperor** = Sigismund of Germany, Henry's cousin. W.

The interim, by remembering you 't is past.
Then brook abridgement, and your eyes advance,
After your thoughts, straight back again to France.

[*Exit.*

SCENE I. *France. The English camp.*

Enter FLUELLEN *and* GOWER.

Gow. Nay, that's right; but why wear you your leek to-day? Saint Davy's day is past.

Flu. There is occasions and causes why and wherefore in all things: I will tell you, asse my friend, Captain Gower: the rascally, scauld, beggarly, lousy, pragging knave, Pistol, which you and yourself and all the world know to be no petter than a fellow, look you now, of no merits, he is come to me and prings me pread and salt yesterday, look you, and bid me eat my leek: it was in a place where I could not breed no contention with him; but I will be so bold as to wear it in my cap till I see him once again, and then I will tell him a little piece of my tesires.

Enter PISTOL.

Gow. Why, here he comes, swelling like a turkey-cock.

Flu. 'T is no matter for his swellings nor his turkey-cocks. God pless you, Aunchient Pistol! you scurfy, lousy knave, God pless you!

Pist. Ha! art thou bedlam? dost thou thirst, base Trojan,
To have me fold up Parca's fatal web?
Hence! I am qualmish at the smell of leek.

Flu. I peseech you heartily, scurfy, lousy knave,

44. **brook abridgement**: allow the shortening.
5. **scauld** = having a diseased scalp. W.
19. **Trojan** was a slang name for any doubtful character.

at my tesires, and my requests, and my petitions, to eat, look you, this leek: because, look you, you do not love it, nor your affections and your appetites and your digestions doo's not agree with it, I would tesire you to eat it.

Pist. Not for Cadwallader and all his goats.

Flu. There is one goat for you. [*Strikes him.*] Will you be so good, scauld knave, as eat it? 30

Pist. Base Trojan, thou shalt die.

Flu. You say very true, scauld knave, when Cot's will is: I will desire you to live in the mean time, and eat your fictuals: come, there is sauce for it. [*Strikes him.*] You call'd me yesterday mountain-squire; but I will make you to-day a squire of low degree. I pray you, fall to: if you can mock a leek, you can eat a leek. 38

Gow. Enough, captain: you have astonish'd him.

Flu. I say, I will make him eat some part of my leek, or I will peat his pate four days. Bite, I pray you; it is good for your green wound and your ploody coxcomb.

Pist. Must I bite?

Flu. Yes, certainly, and out of doubt and out of question too, and ambiguities.

Pist. By this leek, I will most horribly revenge: I eat, and yet I swear —

Flu. Eat, I pray you: will you have some more sauce to your leek? there is not enough leek to swear py. 51

Pist. Quiet thy cudgel; thou dost see I eat.

Flu. Much good do you, scauld knave, heartily. Nay, pray you, throw none away; the skin is coot

28. **Cadwallader** = the last Welsh king of Wales. W.
43. **coxcomb** = head.

for your proken coxcomb. When you take occasions to see leeks hereafter, I pray you, mock at 'em; that is all.

Pist. Good.

Flu. Ay, leeks is coot: hold you, there is a croat to heal your pate. 60

Pist. Me a groat!

Flu. Yes, ferily and in truth you shall take it; or I have another leek in my pocket, which you shall eat.

Pist. I take thy groat in earnest of revenge.

Flu. If I owe you any thing, I will pay you in cudgels: you shall be a woodmonger, and buy nothing of me but cudgels. God b' wi' you, and keep you, and heal your pate. [*Exit.*

Pist. All hell shall stir for this. 70

Gow. Go, go; you are a counterfeit cowardly knave. Will you mock at an ancient tradition, begun upon an honourable respect, and worn as a memorable trophy of predeceased valour and dare not avouch in your deeds any of your words? I have seen you gleeking and galling at this gentleman twice or thrice. You thought, because he could not speak English in the native garb, he could not therefore handle an English cudgel: you find it otherwise; and henceforth let a Welsh correction teach you a good English condition. Fare ye well. [*Exit.*

Pist. Doth Fortune play the huswife with me now? News have I, that my Nell is dead i' th' spital; 83
And there my rendezvous is quite cut off.
Old I do wax; and from my weary limbs

82. **huswife** = hussy. W.

84. **rendezvous**, if it means anything, probably means rest. Cf. II, i, 16.

Honour is cudgell'd. Well, bawd I 'll turn,
And something lean to cutpurse of quick hand.
To England will I steal, and there I 'll steal:
And patches will I get unto these scars,
And swear I got them in the Gallia wars. [*Exit.*

Scene II. *France. A royal palace.*

Enter, at one door, King Henry, Exeter, Bedford, Gloucester, Warwick, Westmoreland, *and other* Lords; *at another, the* French King, Queen Isabel, *the* Princess Katharine, Alice, *and other* Ladies; *the* Duke of Burgundy, *and his train.*

K. Hen. Peace to this meeting, wherefore we are met!
Unto our brother France, and to our sister,
Health and fair time of day; joy and good wishes
To our most fair and princely cousin Katharine;
And, as a branch and member of this royalty,
By whom this great assembly is contrived,
We do salute you, Duke of Burgundy;
And, princes French, and peers, health to you all!

Fr. King. Right joyous are we to behold your face,
Most worthy brother England; fairly met: 10
So are you, princes English, every one.

Q. Isa. So happy be the issue, brother England,
Of this good day and of this gracious meeting,
As we are now glad to behold your eyes;
Your eyes, which hitherto have borne in them
Against the French, that met them in their bent,
The fatal balls of murdering basilisks:

Scene II. France. This conference took place at Troyes. It is substantially historical, although Shakespeare hurries up matters somewhat on account of the necessities of the theatre.

17. **basilisks** were fabled serpents with murderous eyes; and the name was also that of a kind of cannon. W.

The venom of such looks, we fairly hope,
Have lost their quality, and that this day
Shall change all griefs and quarrels into love.
K. Hen. To cry amen to that, thus we appear.
Q. Isa. You English princes all, I do salute you.
Bur. My duty to you both, on equal love,
Great Kings of France and England! That I have labour'd,
With all my wits, my pains and strong endeavours,
To bring your most imperial majesties
Unto this bar and royal interview,
Your mightiness on both parts best can witness.
Since then my office hath so far prevail'd
That, face to face and royal eye to eye,
You have congreeted, let it not disgrace me,
If I demand, before this royal view,
What rub or what impediment there is,
Why that the naked, poor and mangled Peace,
Dear nurse of arts, plenties and joyful births,
Should not in this best garden of the world,
Our fertile France, put up her lovely visage?
Alas, she hath from France too long been chas'd,
And all her husbandry doth lie on heaps,
Corrupting in its own fertility.
Her vine, the merry cheerer of the heart,
Unpruned dies; her hedges even-pleach'd,
Like prisoners wildly overgrown with hair,
Put forth disorder'd twigs; her fallow leas

27. **bar**: is interpreted, barrier, place of congress; but I doubt the word, for several reasons, and believe that we should read, *fair*. W.

33. **rub** = difficulty.

42. **even-pleach'd** = having a smooth surface almost like a plank. W.

The darnel, hemlock and rank fumitory
Doth root upon, while that the coulter rusts
That should deracinate such savagery;
The even mead, that erst brought sweetly forth
The freckled cowslip, burnet and green clover,
Wanting the scythe, all uncorrected, rank,
Conceives by idleness and nothing teems
But hateful docks, rough thistles, kexes, burs,
Losing both beauty and utility.
And as our vineyards, fallows, meads and hedges,
Defective in their natures, grow to wildness,
Even so our houses and ourselves and children
Have lost, or do not learn for want of time,
The sciences that should become our country;
But grow like savages, — as soldiers will
That nothing do but meditate on blood, —
To swearing and stern looks, diffus'd attire
And every thing that seems unnatural.
Which to reduce into our former favour
You are assembled: and my speech entreats
That I may know the let, why gentle Peace
Should not expel these inconveniences
And bless us with her former qualities.

K. Hen. If, Duke of Burgundy, you would the peace,
Whose want gives growth to the imperfections
Which you have cited, you must buy that peace
With full accord to all our just demands;
Whose tenours and particular effects
You have enscheduled briefly in your hands.

49. **freckled** = speckled.

52. **kexes**: kex was a name given to hollow-stalked weeds. W.

65. **let**: one of those words that have two opposite meanings: it means to allow and to hinder, though the latter is now practically obsolete: here it means hindrance.

Bur. The King hath heard them; to the which as yet
There is no answer made.
K. Hen. Well then the peace,
Which you before so urg'd, lies in his answer.
Fr. King. I have but with a cursorary eye
O'erglanc'd the articles: pleaseth your grace
To appoint some of your council presently
To sit with us once more, with better heed
To re-survey them, we will suddenly
Pass our accept and peremptory answer.
K. Hen. Brother, we shall. Go, uncle Exeter,
And brother Clarence, and you, brother Gloucester,
Warwick and Huntingdon, go with the King;
And take with you free power to ratify,
Augment, or alter, as your wisdoms best
Shall see advantageable for our dignity,
Any thing in or out of our demands,
And we 'll consign thereto. Will you, fair sister,
Go with the princes, or stay here with us?
Q. Isa. Our gracious brother, I will go with them:
Haply a woman's voice may do some good,
When articles too nicely urg'd be stood on.
K. Hen. Yet leave our cousin Katharine here with us:
She is our capital demand, compris'd
Within the fore-rank of our articles.
Q. Isa. She hath good leave.

[*Exeunt all except Henry, Katharine, and Alice.*

K. Hen. Fair Katharine, and most fair,
Will you vouchsafe to teach a soldier terms

82. **accept**: used as an adjective, with its simple proper sense. W.

94. **nicely** = particularly.

Such as will enter at a lady's ear
And plead his love-suit to her gentle heart?

Kath. Your majesty shall mock at me; I cannot speak your England.

K. Hen. O fair Katharine, if you will love me soundly with your French heart, I will be glad to hear you confess it brokenly with your English tongue. Do you like me, Kate?

Kath. *Pardonnez-moi*, I cannot tell vat is "like me."

K. Hen. An angel is like you, Kate, and you are like an angel.

Kath. *Que dit-il? que je suis semblable à les anges?*

Alice. *Oui, vraiment, sauf votre grace, ainsi dit-il.*

K. Hen. I said so, dear Katharine; and I must not blush to affirm it.

Kath. *O bon Dieu! les langues des hommes sont pleines de tromperies.*

K. Hen. What says she, fair one? that the tongues of men are full of deceits?

Alice. *Oui*, dat de tongues of de mans is be full of deceits: dat is de Princess.

K. Hen. The Princess is the better Englishwoman. I' faith, Kate, my wooing is fit for thy understanding: I am glad thou canst speak no better English; for, if thou couldst, thou wouldst find me such a plain king that thou wouldst think I had sold my farm to buy my crown. I know no ways to mince it in love, but directly to say "I love you:" then if you urge me farther than to say "do you in faith?" I wear out my suit. Give me your answer; i' faith, do: and so clap hands and a bargain: how say you, lady?

Kath. *Sauf votre honneur*, me understand vell.

111. Que dit-il? etc. = what says he, that I am like the angels? Alice replies that he does. W.

K. Hen. Marry, if you would put me to verses or to dance for your sake, Kate, why you undid me: for the one, I have neither words nor measure, and for the other I have no strength in measure, yet a reasonable measure in strength. If I could win a lady at leap-frog, or by vaulting into my saddle with my armour on my back, under the correction of bragging be it spoken, I should quickly leap into a wife. Or if I might buffet for my love, or bound my horse for her favours, I could lay on like a butcher and sit like a jack-an-apes, never off. But, before God, Kate, I cannot look greenly nor gasp out my eloquence, nor I have no cunning in protestation; only downright oaths, which I never use till urg'd, nor never break for urging. If thou canst love a fellow of this temper, Kate, whose face is not worth sun-burning, that never looks in his glass for love of any thing he sees there, let thine eye be thy cook. I speak to thee plain soldier: if thou canst love me for this, take me; if not, to say to thee that I shall die, is true; but for thy love, by the Lord, no; yet I love thee too. And while thou liv'st, dear Kate, take a fellow of plain and uncoined constancy; for he perforce must do thee right, because he hath not the gift to woo in other places: for these fellows of infinite tongue, that can rhyme themselves into ladies' favours, they do always reason themselves out again. What! a speaker is but a prater; a rhyme is but a ballad. A good leg will fall; a straight back will stoop; a black beard will turn white; a curl'd pate will grow bald; a fair face will wither; a full eye will wax hollow: but a good heart,

135. The pun is on the meanings of measure; a metre, a dance, an amount.

153. **uncoined constancy**: whose mind has never borne the stamp of another face. W.

Kate, is the sun and the moon; or rather the sun and not the moon; for it shines bright and never changes, but keeps his course truly. If thou would have such a one, take me; and take me, take a soldier; take a soldier, take a king. And what say'st thou then to my love? speak, my fair, and fairly, I pray thee.

Kath. Is it possible dat I should love de enemy of France?

K. Hen. No; it is not possible you should love the enemy of France, Kate: but, in loving me, you should love the friend of France; for I love France so well that I will not part with a village of it; I will have it all mine: and, Kate, when France is mine and I am yours, then yours is France and you are mine.

Kath. I cannot tell vat is dat.

K. Hen. No, Kate? I will tell thee in French; which I am sure will hang upon my tongue like a new-married wife about her husband's neck, hardly to be shook off. *Je quand sur le possession de France, et quand vous avez le possession de moi,* — let me see, what then? Saint Denis be my speed! — *donc votre est France et vous êtes mienne.* It is as easy for me, Kate, to conquer the kingdom as to speak so much more French: I shall never move thee in French, unless it be to laugh at me.

Kath. Sauf votre honneur, le François que vous parlez, il est meilleur que l'Anglois lequel je parle.

K. Hen. No, faith, is 't not, Kate: but thy speaking of my tongue, and I thine, most truly-falsely, must needs be granted to be much at one. But, Kate, dost thou understand thus much English, canst thou love me?

188. **Sauf votre honneur**, etc. The princess tells him that his French is better than her English. W.

Kath. I cannot tell.

K. Hen. Can any of your neighbours tell, Kate? I'll ask them. Come, I know thou lovest me: and at night, when you come into your closet, you'll question this gentlewoman about me; and I know, Kate, you will to her dispraise those parts in me that you love with your heart: but, good Kate, mock me mercifully; the rather, gentle princess, because I love thee cruelly. If ever thou beest mine, Kate, as I have a saving faith within me tells me thou shalt, I get thee with scambling, and thou must therefore needs prove a good soldier-breeder: shalt not thou and I, between Saint Denis and Saint George, compound a boy, half French, half English, that shall go to Constantinople and take the Turk by the beard? shall we not? what say'st thou, my fair flower-de-luce? 210

Kath. I do not know dat.

K. Hen. No; 'tis hereafter to know, but now to promise: do but now promise, Kate, you will endeavour for your French part of such a boy; and for my English moiety take the word of a king and a bachelor. How answer you, *la plus belle Katharine du monde, mon très cher et devin déesse?*

Kath. Your majestee ave fausse French enough to deceive de most sage demoiselle dat is en France. 219

K. Hen. Now, fie upon my false French! By mine honour, in true English, I love thee, Kate: by which honour I dare not swear thou lovest me; yet my blood begins to flatter me that thou dost, notwithstanding the poor and untempering effect of my visage. Now, beshrew my father's ambition! he was thinking of civil wars when he got me: therefore was I created

204. **scambling** = scrambling in a rough and tumble kind of way. W.

with a stubborn outside, with an aspect of iron, that, when I come to woo ladies, I fright them. But, in faith, Kate, the elder I wax, the better I shall appear: my comfort is, that old age, that ill layer up of beauty, can do no more spoil upon my face: thou hast me, if thou hast me, at the worst; and thou shalt wear me, if thou wear me, better and better: and therefore tell me, most fair Katharine, will you have me? Put off your maiden blushes; avouch the thoughts of your heart with the looks of an empress; take me by the hand, and say, Harry of England, I am thine: which word thou shalt no sooner bless mine ear withal, but I will tell thee aloud, England is thine, Ireland is thine, France is thine, and Henry Plantagenet is thine; who, though I speak it before his face, if he be not fellow with the best king, thou shalt find the best king of good fellows. Come, your answer in broken music; for thy voice is music and thy English broken; therefore, queen of all, Katharine, break thy mind to me in broken English; wilt thou have me?

Kath. Dat is as it sall please de *roi mon père.*

K. Hen. Nay, it will please him well, Kate; it shall please him, Kate.

Kath. Den it sall also content me.

K. Hen. Upon that I kiss your hand, and call you my queen.

Kath. Laissez, mon seigneur, laissez, laissez: ma foi, je ne veux point que vous abaissiez votre grandeur en baisant la main d'une de votre seigneurie indigne serviteur; excusez-moi, je vous supplie, mon très-puissant seigneur.

243. **broken music** = harmony, music in parts. W.

253. **Laissez.** The princess very humbly protests against King Henry's condescension in kissing her hand. W.

K. Hen. Then I will kiss your lips, Kate.

Kath. Les dames et demoiselles pour être baisées devant leur noces, il n'est pas la coutume de France.

K. Hen. Madam my interpreter, what says she?

Alice. Dat it is not be de fashion pour les ladies of France, — I cannot tell vat is baiser en Anglish. 263

K. Hen. To kiss.

Alice. Your majesty *entendre* bettre *que moi.*

K. Hen. It is not a fashion for the maids in France to kiss before they are married, would she say?

Alice. Oui, vraiment.

K. Hen. O Kate, nice customs curtsy to great kings. Dear Kate, you and I cannot be confined within the weak list of a country's fashion: we are the makers of manners, Kate; and the liberty that follows our places stops the mouth of all find-faults; as I will do yours, for upholding the nice fashion of your country in denying me a kiss: therefore, patiently and yielding. [*Kissing her.*] You have witchcraft in your lips, Kate: there is more eloquence in a sugar touch of them than in the tongues of the French council; and they should sooner persuade Harry of England than a general petition of monarchs. Here comes your father. 281

Re-enter the FRENCH KING *and his* QUEEN, BURGUNDY, *and other* Lords.

Bur. God save your majesty! my royal cousin, teach you our princess English?

K. Hen. I would have her learn, my fair cousin, how perfectly I love her; and that is good English.

Bur. Is she not apt?

K. Hen. Our tongue is rough, coz, and my condition is not smooth; so that, having neither the voice

286. apt = ready to learn.

nor the heart of flattery about me, I cannot so conjure up the spirit of love in her, that he will appear in his true likeness.

Bur. Pardon the frankness of my mirth, if I answer you for that. If you would conjure in her, you must make a circle; if conjure up love in her in his true likeness, he must appear naked and blind. Can you blame her then, being a maid yet ros'd over with the virgin crimson of modesty, if she deny the appearance of a naked blind boy in her naked seeing self? It were, my lord, a hard condition for a maid to consign to.

K. Hen. Yet they do wink and yield, as love is blind and enforces.

Bur. They are then excus'd, my lord, when they see not what they do.

K. Hen. Then, good my lord, teach your cousin to consent winking.

Bur. I will wink on her to consent, my lord, if you will teach her to know my meaning: for maids, well summer'd and warm kept, are like flies at Bartholomew-tide, blind, though they have their eyes; and then they will endure handling, which before would not abide looking on.

K. Hen. This moral ties me over to time and a hot summer; and so I shall catch the fly, your cousin, in the latter end and she must be blind too.

Bur. As love is, my lord, before it loves.

K. Hen. It is so: and you may, some of you, thank love for my blindness, who cannot see many a fair

294. **conjure up**; there is a good example of conjuration in *2 Henry VI*, I, iv.

313. **This . . . summer**: Bartholomew-tide was about the end of summer.

French city for one fair French maid that stands in my way.

Fr. King. Yes, my lord, you see them perspectively, the cities turn'd into a maid; for they are all girdled with maiden walls that war hath never entered.

K. Hen. Shall Kate be my wife?

Fr. King. So please you.

K. Hen. I am content; so the maiden cities you talk of may wait on her: so the maid that stood in the way for my wish shall show me the way to my will.

Fr. King. We have consented to all terms of reason.

K. Hen. Is 't so, my lords of England?

West. The King hath granted every article:
His daughter first, and then in sequel all,
According to their firm proposed natures.

Exe. Only he hath not yet subscribed this:
Where your majesty demands, that the King of France, having any occasion to write for matter of grant, shall name your highness in this form and with this addition, in French, *Notre très-cher fils Henri, Roi d'Angleterre, Héritier de France;* and thus in Latin, *Præclarissimus filius noster Henricus, Rex Angliæ, et Hæres Franciæ.*

Fr. King. Nor this I have not, brother, so denied,
But your request shall make me let it pass.

K. Hen. I pray you then, in love and dear alliance,
Let that one article rank with the rest;
And thereupon give me your daughter.

339. **addition** = title.

340. **Notre très-cher**, etc. = Our very dear son Henry, King of England, Heir of France. *Præclarissimus*, which should be *præcarissimus*, was taken out of Holinshed. W.

Fr. King. Take her, fair son, and from her blood raise up
Issue to me; that the contending kingdoms
Of France and England, whose very shores look pale
With envy of each other's happiness,
May cease their hatred, and this dear conjunction
Plant neighbourhood and Christian-like accord
In their sweet bosoms, that never war advance
His bleeding sword 'twixt England and fair France.

All. Amen!

K. Hen. Now, welcome, Kate: and bear me witness all,
That here I kiss her as my sovereign queen. [*Flourish.*

Q. Isa. God, the best maker of all marriages,
Combine your hearts in one, your realms in one!
As man and wife, being two, are one in love,
So be there 'twixt your kingdoms such a spousal,
That never may ill office, or fell jealousy,
Which troubles oft the bed of blessed marriage,
Thrust in between the paction of these kingdoms,
To make divorce of their incorporate league;
That English may as French, French Englishmen,
Receive each other. God speak this Amen!

All. Amen!

K. Hen. Prepare we for our marriage: on which day,
My Lord of Burgundy, we 'll take your oath,
And all the peers', for surety of our leagues.
Then shall I swear to Kate, and you to me;
And may our oaths well kept and prosperous be!

[*Sennet. Exeunt.*

351. **look pale**: in allusion to the chalky cliffs on either side of the Channel. W.

EPILOGUE

Enter Chorus.

Chor. Thus far, with rough and all-unable pen,
Our bending author hath pursued the story,
In little room confining mighty men,
Mangling by starts the full course of their glory.
Small time, but in that small most greatly liv'd
This star of England: Fortune made his sword;
By which the world's best garden he achiev'd,
And of it left his son imperial lord.
Henry the Sixth, in infant bands crown'd King
Of France and England, did this king succeed;
Whose state so many had the managing,
That they lost France and made his England bleed:
Which oft our stage hath shown; and, for their sake,
In your fair minds let this acceptance take. [*Exit.*

Epilogue. The epilogue, or speech at the end, recommending the play to the favor of the audience, was, like the prologue, not unusual in the Elizabethan drama. It lasted to rather a later period. Shakespeare uses the epilogue in several plays, *The Tempest*, *Midsummer Night's Dream*, *As You Like It*, *All's Well that Ends Well*, *2 Henry IV*, and *Henry VIII*. He usually, however, has some other ending, a dance or a song as in *Twelfth Night*, *Love's Labor's Lost*, *Much Ado About Nothing*; or, as in the tragedies especially, words indicative of the players leaving the stage. It may be that Shakespeare did not always feel any necessity for the conventional apologies that usually made up the epilogue. He probably knew that his plays were good and needed no apology.

13. **Which oft**, etc.: meaning the plays elder and later on the reign of Henry VI, which seems to have been a popular subject. W.